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SIXPENCE.



KING EDWARD VII. IN DENMARK : HIS MAJESTY LANDING AT ELSINORE ON SEPTEMBER 8.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ELSINORE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"These little systems," says the poet, "these little systems have their day; they have their day, and cease to be." He was thinking of theologies and politics; but human nature has more enduring illusions. Does the gambler who has invented, or inherited, or adapted a system for sweeping all the lucre off the tables ever lose faith in it? Will those who come after him refuse homage to his fixed idea? I think it was Professor Karl Pearson who showed that the mathematics of gambling are fatal to the most astute and resourceful player. I mentioned this to a military acquaintance at the Ostend Casino. He had never heard of the Professor's demonstration, and took no interest in it; but he was ready to explain to me how he had played his system with gratifying results for three months last year. This season he was not so successful; but the glory of the system was still untarnished. When he is not gambling, my friend plays various musical instruments with taste and skill. At this moment his violoncello, from a distant room in the hotel, is sending me gentle waves of melody. It sounds like a symphony of the gambler's unconquerable hope. Tolstoy would shudder at it, for has he not told us that music is the minister of ignoble passions? There is a particular composition of Beethoven's, he says, which ought not to be played when ladies are in evening toilette. No doubt the violoncello ought to be prohibited at Ostend.

Another gambling acquaintance of mine is an Oriental—Haroun-al-Raschid, I believe, in disguise. When he appears at the Casino there is a slight fluttering of eyelashes among the otherwise impassive croupiers, for he tosses large sums about the tables, and wrestles with the bank in the grand style that makes everybody else's play look like a feeble snatching at fortune. The struggle is indecisive, and the Caliph retires now and then for a whole day, because, he says, he must have time to think. I imagine him brooding like Napoleon over a plan of battle. His system is baffled for the moment; but as it is probably a tradition that dates back to the recreations of the Hittites before the Jewish invasion of Canaan, do you suppose that any idea of its insufficiency ever crosses his mind? An Irish lady here, eager to persuade me that her system was the best, told the anecdote of the observant guest at dinner, who was asked which leg of the fowl he preferred. "The left leg," said he. "Sure the bird always roosts on the right leg, and so the left must be the tender one." I ventured to suggest that a fowl might sometimes be left-footed, so to speak, and roost on the left leg, and that the chances of the tables were even more disconcerting; but the Irish lady was quite content with her analogy. Someone cited the case of the gentleman in the nursery legend who refused to say his prayers; whereupon he was taken by the left leg and thrown down the stairs. After considerable discussion it was agreed that this had no bearing upon systems.

I feel this to be a frivolous topic when I find a writer in the *Westminster Review* proposing nothing less than a plan for preventing wicked wars. It consists of twelve commandments. "The members of a Government," says the fourth, "that involves us in war without previous full discussion in both Houses, should, by a new law of high treason, be made guilty thereof." You can see a Minister trembling for his head when Parliament is not sitting, and a foreign Government which has no commandments of this kind to reverence and obey is making itself extremely disagreeable. Then the newspapers are to be "strictly forbidden to discuss any controversy or negotiation pending between us and another Power, except to advocate reconciliation and arbitration." If the immoral scribe should dare to say that the other Power is most unreasonable, he will languish in a dungeon. When war is actually being waged, he must not "print one line tending to prevent peace being made and negotiations resumed as soon as possible." So, if the enemy should state that our troops have been annihilated and our fleets blown out of the water, the immoral scribe must not contradict this, lest he should create a popular desire to hit the enemy all the harder. "Any Jingo holding a pro-war, or interrupting an anti-war meeting, should be punished with the utmost possible severity. No theatres should be permitted by the Lord Chamberlain in their plays, no music-halls should be permitted by the magistrates in their songs, to advocate Jingo-worship." I suppose that when a meeting is held to sing "Rule Britannia," the police will arrest everybody, and that the Lord Chamberlain will interdict the performance of "Henry V.," which is full of martial sentiment of the most shocking character.

Commandment number ten is an awful blow to the Church of England, which "must be duly warned that if it stands by without protesting against wholesale murder, as it has, alas! always hitherto done, it will be deprived of the vast political power it has misused so perniciously." "No deacon, priest, or bishop should be ordained or consecrated" who does not give his "solemn adhesion" to the "principle" that war must end "when the enemy has been driven out of our territory, and is willing to offer peace or to accept it when offered."

When a conquered enemy accepts the terms dictated to him, war is in the habit of ending. But this is not the blessed "principle," for "negotiations" are to be resumed at the point where they were broken off, and if there is any further dispute, it is to be settled by a terrifying body called "The Amphictyonic Council of Europe." Finally, "the question of war must cease altogether to be a political question between the Coodles and the Doodles, and be elevated to a moral one, on which no two opinions are permissible in school, theatre, music-hall, lecture-room, newspaper, magazine, review, church, or chapel." Nothing is lacking to the beauty and breadth of this scheme of regeneration except the means of putting it into action. On this point the modesty of the author keeps him silent. His name is F. A. WHITE (capitals, Mr. Printer, if you please), and our plain duty is to make him Dictator, and Archbishop of Canterbury.

Twenty years ago President Garfield was shot by Guiteau, who was not an Anarchist, but a disappointed office-seeker. There is no analogy between this crime and that of the man who tried to murder Mr. McKinley. Guiteau was half crazy, and had no motive except personal resentment. The Polish Anarchist is perfectly sane, and he acted upon what he supposed to be the dictates of duty. To Anarchists, every magistrate is the incarnation of a monstrous social system, which must be destroyed before the reign of equality and fraternity can begin. There are amiable theorists who would abolish the police, and make taxation voluntary. They agree with the Pole except as to the use of force. While he regards the head of the State, whether it be a Republic or an autocracy, as a tyrant to be shot at, they are content to write articles in the magazines. Nobody pays much attention to the articles; but the revolver demands serious notice. It is a weapon to which you do not preach "reconciliation and arbitration." The fanatic who affected to shake Mr. McKinley by the hand, and then lodged two bullets in his body, is no more amenable to reason than to the moral reprobation for brutal treachery. He is engaged in a vendetta against Society, and Society still fails to understand his point of view. He is reproached in solemn leading articles as a fool as well as a criminal. It is demonstrated that murdering the head of a State is no use, for another head always takes his place. The Anarchist is quite alive to this, but continues to shoot nevertheless.

There is no remedy. You cannot send to prison everybody who makes a gospel of murderous conspiracy. If all the penalties for ordinary crime have so little effect on the average of habitual criminals, why suppose that any penalty can deter men who believe that the whole social fabric should be destroyed by violence? Neither combatant in this endless struggle can frighten the other. Some desperate nonsense is talked about letting indignant mobs lynch the Anarchists who are taken red-handed. Lynching is still a favourite device in America, where judicial procedure is so complicated that it took a year to hang Guiteau. The Anarchist might be hanged on the nearest tree without legal process, or burnt alive like some negro criminals in the South, or torn to pieces like Hypatia. But society would feel a good deal ashamed of any one of these transactions, and Anarchy would be invigorated by martyrdom. It is foolish to imagine that by executing retribution with the ferocity of wild beasts, civilisation could break the spirit of men who would regard this reprisal as a justification of their doctrine. It is better to take precautions to ensure the safety of representative people. American Presidents must give up the democratic practice of shaking hands with every stranger. President Arthur once told me with a comical sigh that one of the duties of his office was to submit to be slapped on the back in the street by anybody who professed to come from his native State. These popular manners must go; and the President must be hedged about by an armed and vigilant etiquette, as if he were a European despot.

These reflections seemed woefully out of keeping with the profound peace of Bruges, whither I was repairing when I read the news from America. My visit was both a gratification and an act of penance. Last year I had the misfortune to do a grave injustice to this delightful old town. Never mind the details, which I trust are forgotten; but I had the honour of informing the Burgomaster that I should take the earliest opportunity of expressing my remorse in the market-place. It was quite a private function, and had no official witness save the driver of my fly, who spoke English with an accent that suggested nativity within the sound of Bow bells, and not of the bells of Bruges. He told me he had acquired this accomplishment from the English boys who went to school with him. Those little Cockneys, I warrant, were quite unconscious of their beneficent mission. Think of this young Belgian transmitting this culture to his offspring, and of the stupefaction of English travellers, two or three centuries hence, when they find that the Cockney accent in Bruges has been faithfully preserved by generations of one humble family! I sat in the fly under the famous Belfry, and at five of the clock the Forty-Eight Bells of Bruges chimed a benison on my repentant head.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES," AT THE LYCEUM.

It is an admirably contrived and admirably straightforward melodrama which Mr. Gillette offers Lyceum playgoes in "Sherlock Holmes"—one long exhibition of villainy neatly foiled and (detective) virtue triumphant. The particular story which the author-actor has invented, the case of the persecuted Miss Faulkner, her valuable papers, and the great duel of Holmes and the criminal king, Moriarty, must already be familiar to newspaper-readers. But they must be prepared to find the position of the detective hero slightly modified: the Holmes of the play has several subordinates; he is no longer the deductive reasoner fighting single-handed. Still, Sherlock Holmes is isolated enough in the Stepney gas-chamber, the great moment of the drama, when, hampered by Miss Faulkner's presence, he confronts three of Moriarty's bravoos, extinguishes the only light, suffers his assailants to follow the misleading glow of his cigar, and with the girl easily escapes. Here, as in Moriarty's final capture, the audience obtains a grand thrill, and throughout it enjoys the excitement afforded by the spectacle of a man moving unconcernedly in an atmosphere of mysterious peril. Now this is just the environment in which Mr. Gillette, an ideal Sherlock Holmes, with his calm self-command and yet lightning alertness, revels as actor. His one fault is slight inaudibility, the more noticeable because his chief supporters—Mr. Abingdon, a savage Moriarty; Miss Granville, a fascinating adventuress; and Miss Fealy, an appealing heroine—all speak most distinctly. Unhappily, Mr. Gillette's low tones and his trick of darkening the auditorium rendered some of Monday's spectators impatient of an extremely pretty closing love-scene. A melodrama, however, which combines stirring sensationalism and graceful sentiment, and is capably acted, can count on success, despite a disorderly first-night reception.

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY," AT THE ROYALTY.

Both Mr. Pinero's famous play and Mrs. Patrick Campbell's picturesque impersonation of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" are too well known to require discussion now that they are presented once more at the Royalty Theatre. It may perhaps be worth remarking that Mrs. Campbell has modified her original and always infinitely pathetic conception of Paula Tanqueray by a suggestion of greater spiritual intensity, and that, apart from the leading actress, the Royalty cast is almost new to the piece. Mr. Du Maurier's forcible Ardale, Mr. Bromley-Davenport's amusing study of the drunken Baronet, Miss Rose Dupré's rather too loud Lady Orreyed, and Mr. Arliss's slightly over-cynical Drummie are all commendable performances; but Mr. Titheradge's lachrymose, and, no doubt, deliberately helpless, Tanqueray seems an unhappy reading of a part to which the judicious earnestness of Mr. Alexander and the romantic exaltation of Mr. Forbes Robertson have lent distinction.

"KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO.

"Kitty Grey" has the defects of its qualities. Considered as a musical comedy, it really possesses a good story, but considered as an ordinary evening's entertainment, this story is merely hampered and unduly attenuated by the music. Still, the handsome presence, the breezy vitality, and the fresh singing of Miss Evie Greene as the titular heroine, and the natural and original comic observation shown by a comparative newcomer, Mr. G. P. Huntley, in the rôle of the ordinary stage-idiot, ought to go far towards discounting these defects. The famous American beauty, Miss Edna May, who plays the over-modest wife, is not so fortunately situated. Nor is Mr. Maurice Farkoa, the play's new hero, seen to much advantage. Both sing well enough, but neither player has acquired more than the rudiments of acting.

"JOHN DURNFORD, M.P.," AT THE COURT

Mr. Stuart Ogilvie has ruined the actuality of his would-be drama of politics, "John Durnford, M.P.," by ignoring elementary precautions. He has not troubled even to master ordinary electioneering details; he has mistakenly treated of exalted statesmen, making, for instance, a party leader entertain furtively the married daughter of his chief lieutenant. But the author has spoilt his play as a comedy of intrigue. Hackneyed as is the inn scene, in which a guilty pair are surprised, and the silly wife is saved by a woman friend, tolerable entertainment has often been extracted from such a situation. Mr. Ogilvie, however, drowns passion and sentiment alike in a flood of superfluous incident and political verbiage, and the conclusion of his muddled story, which shows the grim hero, after long doubting the hearty Irish girl who is his child's saviour, declaring his love, though he has a lunatic wife, and being tearfully urged to continue his public career, is as lame as it is uninteresting. Miss Ellis Jeffreys does her best as heroine to lighten the general gloom, but her high spirits are soon damped by the stage-necessity of constantly weeping. Other capable players—like Mr. Standing, Mr. Anson, Miss May Harvey, and (as the wicked leader and his charmer) Mr. Julius Knight and Miss Sarah Brooke—are wasted on the production, and Mr. Fred Kerr has no opportunity save that of airing a capable North-country make-up in the title-rôle.

THE CHINESE EXPIATORY MISSION.

On Sept. 4, after a tedious approach, retarded by many diplomatic overtures regarding the vexed question of the "kow-tow," Prince Tchun, who had been commissioned to expiate by apology the murder of Baron von Ketteler, was at length received by the Kaiser at Potsdam. The humiliation of the "kow-tow" was abandoned, but the Emperor William received the envoy with marked coolness. Throughout the ceremony his Imperial Majesty, who wore the uniform of the Garde du Corps, with its steel helmet, remained seated on his throne. No escort had been provided; the palace guards gave the Prince no sign of respect on his entrance; and to the many obeisances which marked his approach to the throne, the Kaiser responded only with a slight movement of his hand. Prince Tchun read his apology, the Kaiser returned a severe reply, and the envoy, now escorted by a squadron of Hussars, was driven back to his quarters in the Orangery. Celestial diplomatists, with characteristic subtlety, have so represented the affair that their youthful envoy seems to have got the better of the Western Power.

THE CASE OF DR. KRAUSE.

Dr. Krause, ex-Governor of Johannesburg, who was arrested on Sept. 2 and remanded on the following day, was on Sept. 10 again brought up at Bow Street on a charge of high treason. Mr. Muir prosecuted on behalf of the Earl of Dysart, the Public Prosecutor, who occupied a seat on the Bench. The accused was represented by Sir George Lewis. Mr. Muir stated that upon information being received from the Transvaal that a warrant had been issued there to arrest Dr. Krause on a charge of high treason, a provisional warrant had been issued to arrest him in this country. It was now known that a second charge of inciting to murder had been preferred, and the depositions of witnesses were on the way from South Africa. Until these should be received he would apply for a series of remands. Sir George Lewis asked that immediately on the arrival of the documents in question he might be supplied with a copy. A formal remand was then granted.

THE DISCOVERY AT WOOKEY HOLE.

A most interesting discovery was recently made at Wookey Hole, a village at the foot of the Mendip Hills. Two local geologists were engaged in examining one of the "swallet" holes in the hills, into which water flows in flood time, and, after some hours' work, they managed, by the removal of a large number of stones, to effect an entrance into a narrow tunnel. Walking, crawling, and climbing down shafts, they penetrated some sixty yards without reaching the end of the passage. The next day, accompanied by three other gentlemen, they with great difficulty extended their operations another twenty yards. Their way was then barred by a pool, over which was a low archway. One of the party, however, crawled through the icy water, and reduced its height by removing a number of the stones from it. The rest of the explorers then crossed, and a series of chambers was discovered. The finest of these, which is 150 ft. below the surface, is of an irregular shape and about 50 ft. high. It abounds in stalactites and stalagmites, splendid in their colouring, white and red.

BARNET FAIR.

Barnet's annual fair, which opened on Sept. 4, to judge by the number of men, women, and children who attended it, has not lost one iota of its popularity by repetition. Some of the men, doubtless, were present on business, but the majority of the visitors were bent on pleasure alone. Everything dear to the heart of the fairgoer was to be found on the ground: cocoanut-shies, boxers, shooting-galleries, stalls, booths, and "Aunt Sallies"—now "Old Krugers" or "Chinese Boxers"—all had their full measure of patronage. The crowd was most orderly, though the police carried stout ash sticks.

THE AIR-SHIP "SANTOS DUMONT VI."

M. Santos Dumont's sixth air-ship was wrecked on Sept. 6 after a successful flight of four hours. The guide-rope of the machine caught in the high trees in Baron Edmond de Rothschild's Park during its return journey, and could not be released for two hours. The inventor then decided to return to the Aero Club Park, the official starting-point for the Deutsch Prize. The air-ship was hauled along by the drag ropes until it was within a short distance of its shed, with M. Dumont still in the car. At this point the aeronaut ordered the ropes to be slackened, in order to allow his machine to rise above a house near by. The full length of the forward rope was already out, and the men holding it, misunderstanding the order, let go entirely. The balloon, which was partially deflated after its long journey in the air, pitched violently, and the rope fixed to the back of it snapped. Immediately the ship crashed down sixty feet to the earth, bows forward, breaking the cradle off in front of the motor. The inventor was thrown forward on to the wreckage, but fortunately escaped without injury. The vessel's cradle was rendered absolutely useless, and much of the rigging snapped; but it was anticipated that the damage would be made good in a week.

THE METHODIST ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

The third Ecumenical Council of the Wesleyan Methodist Churches opened on Sept. 4 at Wesley's Chapel, in City Road. Five hundred delegates assembled under the presidency of Dr. W. T. Davidson, President of the British Wesleyan Conference. The opening sermon was preached by Bishop Galloway, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church (South), and at the close of his discourse the communion was celebrated. The routine business of the Council, which has for its object the harmonising and unifying of the different Methodist organisations, was then entered upon, and continued through the week. The meeting-place was, appropriately enough, John Wesley's original chapel, in City Road.

THE CAFÉ ON THE RIOJA.

The Triana lies on the far side of Seville; you reach it best by the bridge that spans the Guadalquivir at the side of the Golden Tower. Gipsies frequent the Triana district—gipsies and the lesser lights of the bull-ring, people of conservative tastes and idle habits, who do as little as they may for a living, and are well content with the smallest piece of good luck that may come their way. The old women of the gipsy tribes are given to curing the sickness of country-folk with medicines made from wayside herbs, whose virtues are a family secret; they will even make love philtres and charms for a small consideration. The men are skilled in the treatment of cattle, and the younger women and children preserve some of the dances that would fall into oblivion without their efforts. Consequently, when the Semana Santa brings visitors in crowds to Seville, and the price of hotel accommodation waxes until it has grown to more than double its customary dimensions, the couriers of the big hotels seek the gipsies in the Triana to arrange a *baile* for the English and American visitors. The *funcion* takes place in some hall hired for the occasion; the dances are altered to suit the taste of the visitors, who go away convinced that they have seen the real Spanish dancing. Needless, perhaps, to add that they have seen nothing of the kind.

Happily for the lover of Spain, to whom festival weeks offer no attraction, either in point of price or company, the natives must have dances—the real measures of the country—at all seasons of the year, and Seville seldom lacks a company recruited from and patronised by the Triana. When I knew Seville for the first time, the Café Burrero, in the shadow of the Giralda Tower, was the favoured spot. There the stranger hired one of the *palcos*, called for the wine of the country, and invited the dancing-girls to take refreshment, while the audience looked on with the utmost good-nature and indifference. While Lola danced to them on the stage, Mercedes, Anita, Pepija, and Juanna taught the stranger to hold the castanets aright, improved his Spanish, and sang little songs to him *sotto voce*. When a girl's turn came she slipped round to the stage; when a big dance, like the Sevillanas, claimed the full strength of the company the stranger was left alone. It was pleasant fun, and would not have brought a blush to the cheek of a licensing committee-man on the London County Council. To-day you go for dancing to the café on the Rioja at the end of the Sierpes, a big, bare hall with a balcony round it, a multitude of small tables, a bar, and a small stage with a curtain painted by an amateur to whom the gods have denied taste and skill. By the side of the stage there is a piano, and in front the tables come right up to the proscenium's edge. The café is not too clean, and the dresses of the performers, who sit on chairs ranged round the little stage, are in sympathy with their surroundings, suggesting a weekly visit to the laundress and a late day in the present week. One cannot overlook this truth, though it is not a pleasant one, and the interest of the scene loses little or nothing on account of dinginess. Until the dances begin, the audience is more interesting than the stage. There are gipsies everywhere; old weatherworn men wearing short coats, broad waistbands garnished with the long knife of the country (navaja), tasselled gaiters, and big sombreros. The women wear the mantilla over a flower; there is not a hat or bonnet to be seen; they carry fans, to shade them against the sun by day and too searching glances by night. All, from the old men and old women to the boys and girls, are passionate amateurs of the dance, appreciating every step as we cannot hope to do. In addition to gipsies of both sexes and all ages, there are bull-farmers' assistants and bull-fighters' assistants, husbandmen from outlying *alquerias*, boatmen, porters, gardeners, and grooms, all bent on passing the few cool hours of the twenty-four as pleasantly as they may.

The waiters, dingy as the rest of the company, move among the narrow tables as though by special grace, spilling nothing, treading on none of the outlying feet or skirts, and bearing in their memory a mixed collection of orders, in which, perhaps, *manzanillas* and white wine are the favourites. On the stage the leader of the company, a handsome old man, long past prime of life, looks out carefully, waiting for the execution of patrons' orders before giving the signal to begin the performance; the girls of the party exchange jests with their friends, and the little dwarf, who is the company's low comedian, measures his wit against that of several people in the audience, and never fails to score.

At intervals every performer in turn went through a dance, and one saw the same result: enthusiasm mounting to passion point in the audience, making beauty where it did not exist before on the stage. The house responded loyally, vehemently, regularly. We who live in colder climes, and must be recalled to our duties by the *claque*, can have small idea of the complete understanding between stage and house in a Spanish dancing-saloon. Four-fifths of the audience have tried the same measures, perhaps with some success; all understand them and delight to see the people to whom the most intricate dance presents no difficulties. And the evening is not destined to pass without one of those sudden bursts of passion for which the Triana is notorious—an outburst that might have led to bloodshed. Last and least of all the dancers is a little gipsy-girl, who cannot be more than fourteen or fifteen years old. She wants to dance the *Vito*, a bull-fighter's dance for which a cloak and sombrero are required. She does not say a word, but the house knows what she will do, and a cloak reaches her from the table on the prompt side of the stage, as soon as she is on her feet. Half-a-dozen hats are offered—thrown on to the stage, to be exact—and she chooses the wrong one. So at least thinks the young gipsy whose hat is among the rejected. He hisses out an insult to the more fortunate man, who happens to be at the next table; the insult is promptly returned, and in a flash knives are drawn. Happily, an Englishman present jerks the nearest knife high into the air, whence it falls quivering on to the stage; the gipsy is held back by his friends, and after a little quiet talking, during which the girl dances with complete unconcern, peace is restored.

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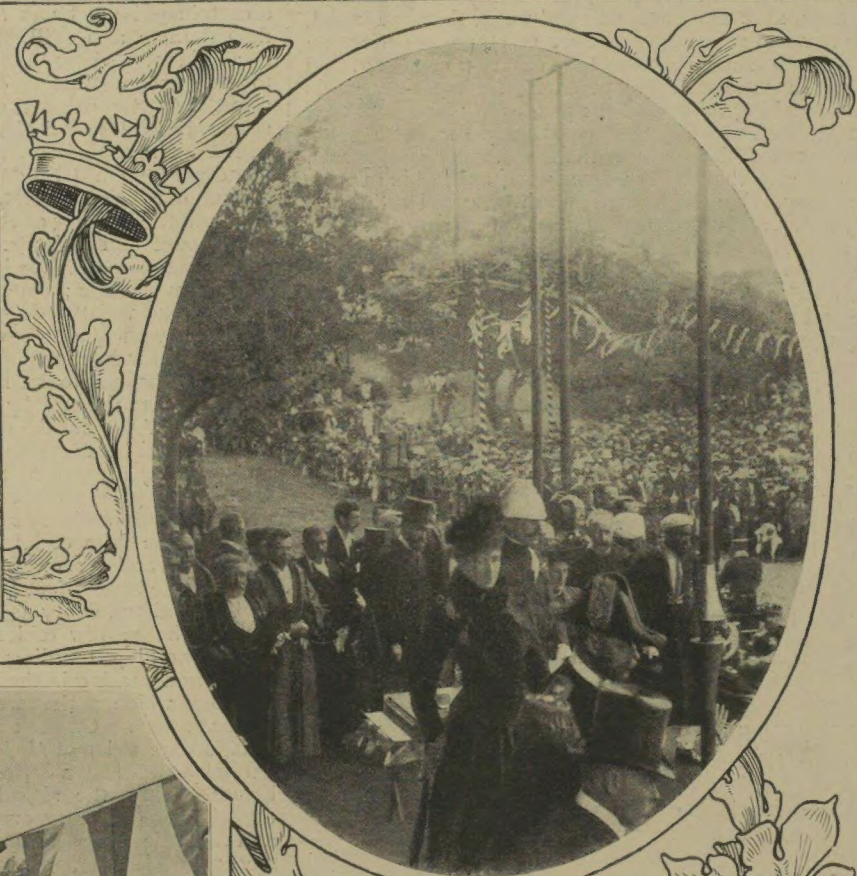
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THE DUKE OF CORNWALL
IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL DECORATING AN OFFICER WITH THE VICTORIA CROSS.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL INSPECTING THE MEN TO BE DECORATED, NATAL.

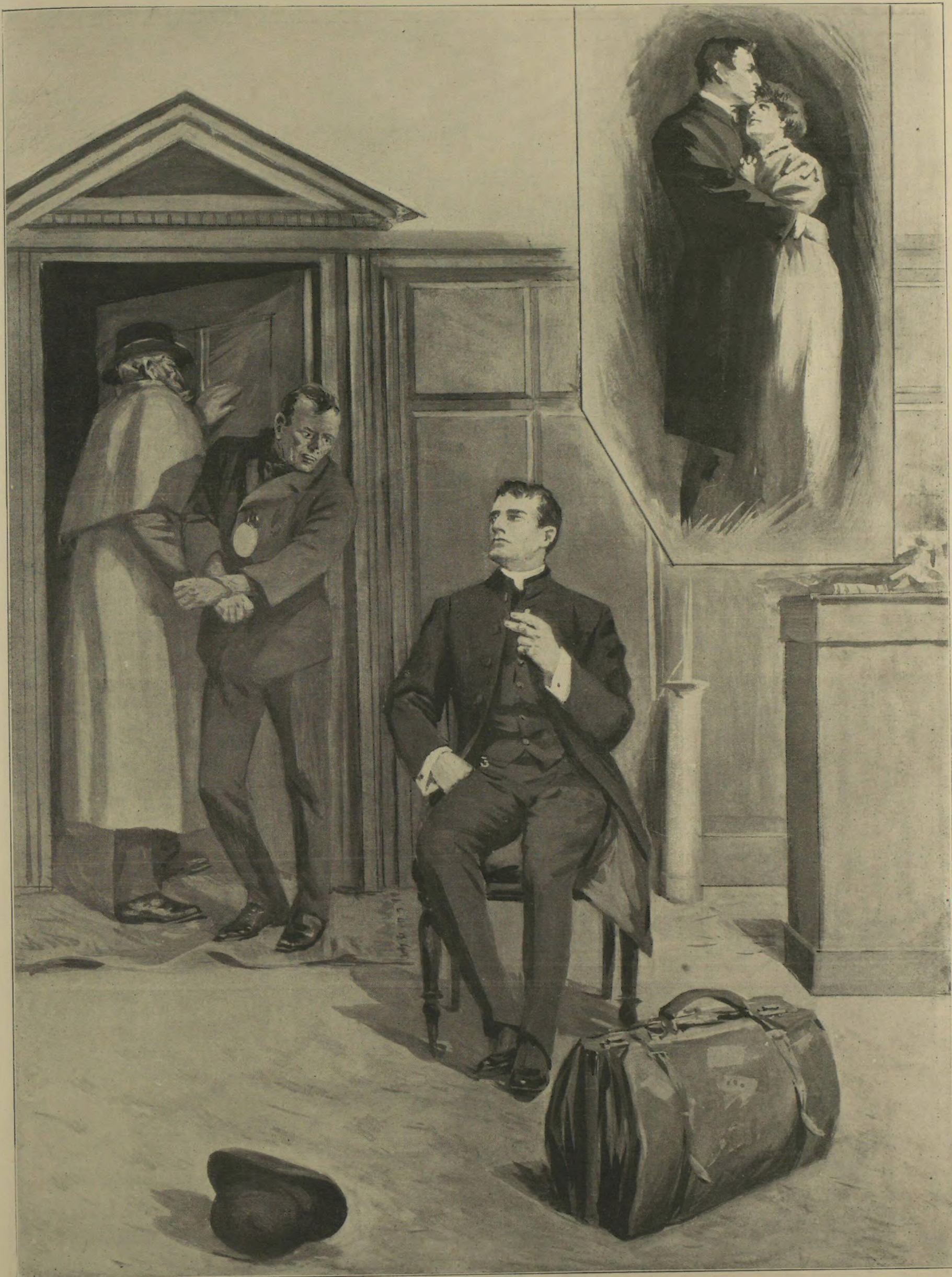
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL ON THEIR WAY TO OPEN THE NEW TOWN HALL, PIETERMARITZBURG.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL LEAVING GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NATAL.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL REPLYING TO AN ADDRESS AT DURBAN.

The Photographs are by Messrs. Sanders and Croxhurst, Mr. Poole, and Mr. Watkinson.

THE FINAL TABLEAU: Miss Faulkner (Miss Maude Fealy).



John Forman (Mr. Sydney Herbert). Professor Moriarty (Mr. W. L. Abington). Sherlock Holmes (Mr. William Gillette).

"SHERLOCK HOLMES," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE: SCENE FROM ACT IV.—THE CAPTURE OF MORIARTY.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING IN DENMARK.

King Edward the Seventh's arrival in Denmark on Sept. 8 was made the occasion of a number of demonstrations. When he landed at Elsinore the Harbour Square was filled with a cosmopolitan crowd, many Russian police supporting the Danish in view of the possibility of any Anarchist attempts. Conspicuous among the shipping was the British squadron. The Czar, the Czartza, and the Cesarevitch, the Dowager Empress of Russia, the King of Greece, together with Queen Alexandra and King Christian and the Crown Prince of Denmark, were there to welcome the King, who wore the uniform of the Danish Hussars. After an exchange of greetings with King Christian and the Crown Prince, the King embraced Queen Alexandra and other ladies, and then the Czar, with whom he remained in close conversation for some time. A state dinner at the Palace was given in the evening, and next day King Edward took out on his motor-car the King of Greece and the Crown Prince of Denmark. On their way home they were met by the King of Denmark, on horseback, and the Czar and the younger members of the family, on cycles. In the evening, the King of Denmark proposed King Edward's health at the Palace dinner-party, which included the Russian Foreign Minister, the members of the Russian Legation, and the commanders of Russian war-ships in the harbour. The Czar, whose personal farewells to various officers before they left Russia for Denmark are depicted in our present issue, was the first of the party to leave Fredensborg, returning quickly to the business of State. It has been announced that King Edward's visit to Denmark will last eight days, after which his Majesty will return to England.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AT DURBAN AND PIETERMARITZBURG.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall landed at Durban on Aug. 13, and were received by the Governor, the Ministry, the Colonial Reception Committee, the Mayor,

Pietermaritzburg, which they reached in the evening. On the following morning the Duke formally opened the new Town Hall, unlocking the door with a golden key, and entering the building followed by his suite. Several addresses, including one from Ladysmith and another from the Mayor and Council of Johannesburg, were presented, and, in replying to these, the Duke alluded to the gallant manner in which Ladysmith



THE GREAT FIRE AT YARMOUTH ON SEPTEMBER 5: THE FRONT OF THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.

Photo. Temple.

in particular had been defended, and spoke feelingly of the losses the colony had suffered. The Duchess of Cornwall then unveiled a memorial tablet to the Natal Volunteers who had fallen in the South African War. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess were driven to the Park, where they awarded a number of Victoria Crosses and medals, and afterwards witnessed a picturesque assembly of native chiefs, who presented an address through the Governor. A reception, followed by an

assassinate President McKinley. The President had just attended an organ recital, and was, according to the custom of the highest official of the American Union, holding one of his informal receptions to which all comers are welcome. Mr. McKinley had just shaken hands with a little child, and the next to press forward was a man with his left hand bandaged. The President turned towards him with an air of interest and shook hands. At that moment the miscreant, who held a revolver beneath the supposed bandage, fired twice at Mr. McKinley. A scene of the wildest commotion ensued. The secret police and attendants hurled themselves upon the assailant and bore him to the ground, where he was roughly handled by the populace. The President walked to a chair, and though evidently suffering, gave directions that Mrs. McKinley should not be alarmed, and that the would-be assassin should not be harmed by the mob. Mr. McKinley was then conveyed to the hospital, where one of the bullets was extracted. The other shot could not be reached, so the surgeons cleansed and closed the wound, and the patient rallied so satisfactorily that good hopes are entertained of his recovery. The assassin, who was conveyed to prison with the utmost difficulty, as the populace endeavoured to lynch him, proved to be of Polish extraction, and gave the name of Czolgosz. He called himself an Anarchist, but that fraternity denies all knowledge of him.

THE FIRE AT YARMOUTH.

A disastrous fire, involving the destruction of a shop, a temporary building used as an exhibition, and Winton's Assembly Rooms—one of the town's chief attractions—broke out at Yarmouth late in the evening of Sept. 5.

A dance was in progress in the rooms, when the Master of the Ceremonies suddenly stopped the band. The dancers at once left the building, and discovered that a fierce fire was raging near the ball-room. The buildings attacked were gutted.

THE ALFRED MILLENARY.

The millenary of the death of Alfred, King of the West Saxons, will be celebrated at Winchester from Sept. 18



THE DEPARTURE OF THE CZAR FOR FRANCE: PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, COMMANDER OF THE CZARITSA'S BODYGUARD, BEHIND THE CZAR.



THE CZARITSA TAKING LEAVE OF THE OFFICERS OF HER OWN BODYGUARD, UHLAN REGIMENT.

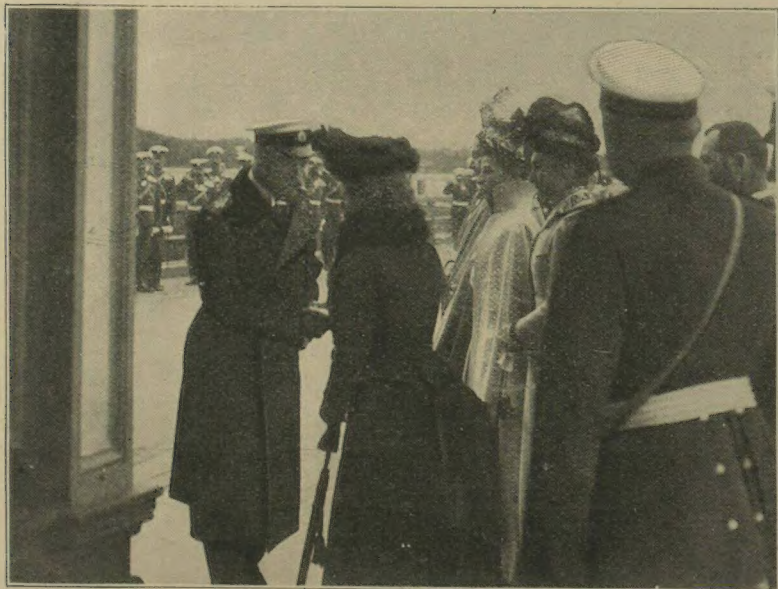
the Judges, the members of Parliament, and the civil, naval, and military officers. The Governor having introduced the Governor-General of Mozambique, who was present as the representative of Portugal, their Royal Highnesses drove to the Park, where they were presented with a number of addresses. The Duke briefly acknowledged these. The royal party then took luncheon with the Mayor and a brilliant gathering of notabilities before leaving by special train for

investiture, was held at Government House in the evening.

THE ATTEMPT UPON PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S LIFE.

World-wide consternation has been caused by the news that on Sept. 6, in the Temple of Music at the Buffalo Exposition, a dastardly attempt had been made to

to 21. The proceedings will actually begin in London on Sept. 17, when there will be a visit to the Millenary Exhibition at the British Museum, examples from which will be found illustrated and described on another page. We also give views of Wantage, where Alfred was born in 849, and of Driffield, where, according to one story, he was buried in October 901. At Aller, after his victory of Ethandune, he caused Guthrum and his Danes to be baptised. The Saxon stone font is still preserved in the church.



THE CZAR BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO THE GRAND DUCHESS MICHAELOVITCH.



THE CZAR TAKING LEAVE OF HIS GENERALS BEFORE STARTING FOR FRANCE.

PERSONAL.

The King, who returns to London on an early day, will proceed almost immediately to Scotland, and there the Queen also will go. Queen Victoria's love for Balmoral and its surroundings was testified to in a thousand particulars, and their present Majesties seem likely to make no break in the tradition of a yearly residence there.

Earl Roberts, in visiting Plymouth, a town rich in military memories, adds to their number, and revives also a recollection of his own. Only once before has he set foot there, and that was when he landed after his futile mission to South Africa just twenty years ago. He was then dispirited with a sense of failure, and neither sought nor received the attention of the public. Much has happened since, and the contrast must have come home to the Commander-in-Chief during his stay in the west.

The death of Lord Morris and Killanin removes a strong personality from Irish life, and makes an end of that chapter

of salient sayings which friends must always associate with his name. The son of Mr. Morris, J.P., of the Spiddal, County Galway, he was educated at Galway College and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took honours in science. All his bent, however, was towards the Bar, to which he was first called a little more than half a century ago. Twenty years later he was a made man—

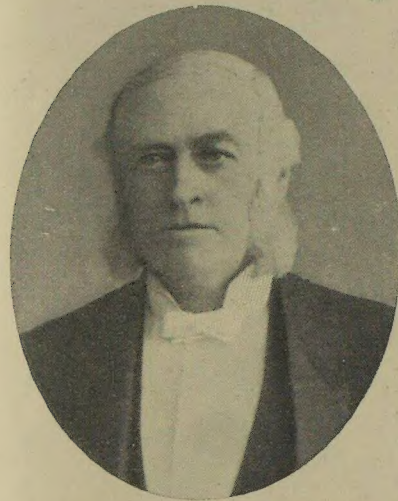
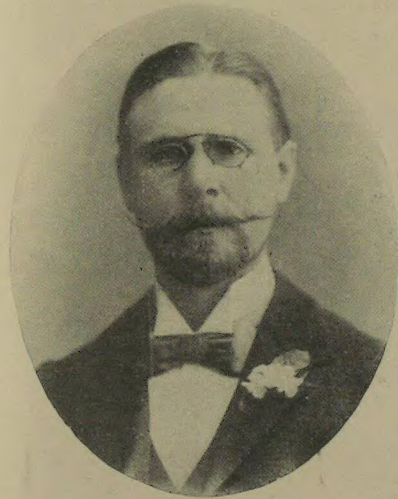


Photo. Barraud.
THE LATE LORD MORRIS,
Lord of Appeal in Ordinary.

member for Galway County (without the issue of an election address), Solicitor-General, and, a little later, Attorney-General. Politics were left behind, as far as they ever can be in Ireland, when he went to the Common Pleas, eventually as Chief Justice, and when, in 1887, he became Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, a post which he vacated two years later in order to become a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary. Last year he retired from the duties attached to this title; but he had many other activities and responsibilities which continued to the end. Lord Morris, who was a life-peer of Great Britain, held also the Irish Barony of Killanin, in which he is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Martin Morris, who surprisingly won for the Conservatives the seat of Galway Borough at the last General Election.

The Duke of Cornwall will come home to England a richer man by a very comprehensive collection of Australian stamps. His fame as a philatelist preceded him round the world, and among the many offerings made to him this is said to take rank as the one that interests him nearly the most.

Dr. Frederick Edward Trangott Krause, whose arrest on a charge of high treason has been the sensation of the dead season, is a burgher of the Transvaal and one of the chief officials of its late Government. At Johannesburg he was Public Prosecutor, and as such was brought into touch with the Jameson Raiders. When war began he was Special Commandant, and a very wise one, who prevented the wanton destruction of the mines; and when Johannesburg was entered, to him fell the task of handing over the keys to Lord



DR. F. E. T. KRAUSE,
Charged with High Treason.

Roberts, by whom he was complimented for the excellence of the arrangements made in connection with the occupation of the city by our troops. Dr. Krause, who is only thirty-three years of age, has spent some time in England, and is a member of the Bar. His second appearance at Bow Street is chronicled in another column.

Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, as a Liberal candidate in North-East Lanark, has been obliged to deny that he "owns a Tory paper in London," but to confess that he does own "a Tory brother." Such family divisions are common enough. Lord Lansdowne has a brother sitting on the Opposition side in the House of Commons, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is confronted by Mr. J. A. Campbell, the Conservative member for Glasgow University.

The effect of the brilliant summer weather of this season upon the costume of men and women is to be seen not only in the streets. At a wedding ceremony the other day at Godalming the bridesmaids appeared hatless. The innovation has its economical side. It is also cool. But theological heats have been engendered, and the little town resounds with familiar passages from St. Paul.

Miss Violet Cecil, now Mrs. Oswald Ames, is a daughter of the late Lord Francis Cecil, R.N., and a granddaughter of the late Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, whose great wealth has lately been the subject of litigation. The bride entered St. Mark's, North Audley Street, with her uncle, Lord William Cecil, who, in the absence of her stepfather, Captain Philip F. Tillard, commanding H.M.S. *Dido*, in China, gave her away. She was attended by two train-bearers, Miss Esterel Tillard and Miss Eve Ames, and by four bridesmaids, Miss Celandine Cecil, Miss Jasmine Finch, Lady Clare Noel, and Miss Margaret Tryon. Captain Ames, it will be remembered,



Photo. Esme Collings.
MISS VIOLET CECIL,
Married to Captain Oswald Ames.

Ames, and by four bridesmaids, Miss Celandine Cecil, Miss Jasmine Finch, Lady Clare Noel, and Miss Margaret Tryon. Captain Ames, it will be remembered,



Photo. Stuart.
CAPTAIN AMES,
MARRIED TO MISS VIOLET CECIL ON SEPTEMBER 5.

became a popular hero when his figure, splendid in height, headed the Diamond Jubilee procession through the streets of London.

Captain Keyes, murdered at Argungu, was only twenty-six years of age. Already he had had the adventures of the adventurous.



Photo. Bullingham.
CAPTAIN KEYES,
Murdered at Argungu.

arm, led to his leaving the Guides and joining the West African Frontier Force. While on his way to Nigeria, he

volunteered for Ashanti, and last summer took part in the fighting that followed the relief of Kumasi. Arrived in Nigeria, he was at once actively employed by General Kemball. When in command of the outpost of Illo, he was sent out to demolish a robber stronghold, which he successfully did just before his death.

There has been a good deal too much "bearing of arms" latterly in America; but the phrase has a wholly innocent significance as now current in New York, where a College of Heraldry has been formed. A list of "armigerous persons" has been already published in the States; and a suggestion is made that crests held in common by American and English families will create new bonds of union. Evidently the "bearing of arms" is henceforth to take its part in the mission of peace.

Prince Ranjitsinhji, the hero of over 3000 runs in a single season, and of over 17,000 runs during his career in first-class cricket, has just celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday.

Mr. Justice Murphy, Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland, died in Dublin from congestion of the lungs. He was born in Limerick in 1826, was educated at Midleton College, County Cork, and at Trinity, Dublin, where he was a Gold Medallist. After joining the Irish Bar, he soon obtained a large practice on the Munster Circuit, where his incisive eloquence and his social qualities made him sought out by suitor and by colleague. He "took silk" in 1866, became a Crown Prosecutor in Dublin, and soon after the Phoenix Park trials was raised to the Bench. In 1890 he was made a member of the Irish Privy Council. In 1864 he married a daughter of the late Mr. Justice Keogh, who survives him, and of his five sons, the eldest is in practice as a surgeon in London.



Photo. Werner, Dublin.
THE LATE MR. JUSTICE MURPHY,
Distinguished Irish Judge.

Whatever effect on the Boers the fateful Sept. 15 may have, when Lord Kitchener's bill, so to speak, falls due, signs of progress on our part are not lacking. Scobell has surprised and surrounded Lotter's commando, and Scheeper's carts have been taken. The total of Boers killed, wounded, and captured since Sept. 2 is 681.

The relics of St. Edmund, which Cardinal Vaughan's patriotism translated from Toulouse to Arundel, have been weighed in the balance of expert testimony and found wanting. A letter to a morning paper has persuaded the authorities that the Toulouse tradition is unauthentic. The bones may be those of a Saint, but they are not those of an English King. Presumably they will go back to the ancient church in Toulouse, which parted with them only reluctantly and on the special request of the Pope.

Professor Arthur William Rücker, the President of the British Association, and the present Principal of London University, was born in 1848, and educated at Clapham Grammar School and Brazenose College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself in mathematics. In 1874 he became Professor of Mathematics and Physics at the Yorkshire College; was elected Fellow of London University in 1890, and in the following year took the Royal Society's royal medal. Among the many posts and dignities he has held are those of Treasurer of the British Association, President of the Physical Society, Secretary of the Royal Society, representative of the Royal Society on the Governing Body of Rugby School, and one of the Board of Visitors of Greenwich Observatory. Since 1886 he has been Professor of Physics at the Royal College of Science, London, and his name appears on the title-page of a number of learned works. He has written upon the expansion of sea-water by heat, on the properties of liquid films, and has made magnetic surveys of the British Isles.

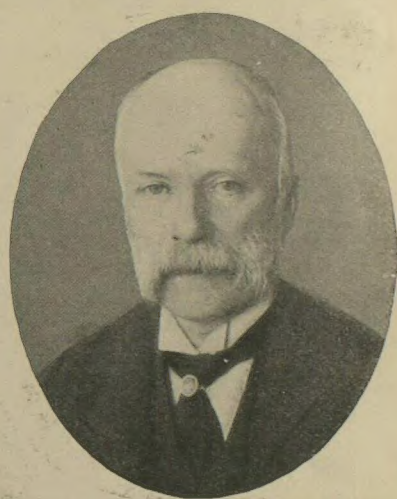


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
PROFESSOR A. W. RÜCKER,
President of the British Association.

Mr. George Aitchison, R.A., away on a holiday, is still ill at ease about the proposal—we fear we must now say the determination—of the Office of Works to take into its own hands the completion of Mr. Brydon's design for the new Public Offices, unfinished at the time of his death. Mr. Aitchison, who is unhappy, but not despairing, resigns the War Office to the "clutches of the Office of Works," but still thinks that Brydon's buildings may be saved. The lay public is hardly so sanguine, but Mr. Aitchison's plea has its almost unanimous sympathy and assent.



THE CHARGE OF HIGH TREASON AGAINST DR. KRAUSE: HIS SECOND APPEARANCE AT BOW STREET, ON SEPTEMBER 10.

General von Bock
and Polach. Prince Eitel Fritz.



Count Wedel: Ying-Chang (New Chinese Minister to Berlin).

Prince Tchun.

General von Moltke.

General von Ende.

THE CHINESE EXPIATORY MISSION TO GERMANY: THE KAISER RECEIVING PRINCE TCHUN IN THE NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM, SEPTEMBER 4.

DRAWN BY COUNT VON LOOS, A MEMBER OF THE COURT.

PISTA'S SHIRT-SLEEVES.

By M. E. FRANCIS.



Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

PART II.

The girl turned and followed him to the barn without another word, and in a few minutes the *thud, thud, thud* of the flails began again.

Presently Pista and his team passed slowly across the open doorway of the barn, and were swallowed up in the gloom of the narrow lane that led to the village. Marinka did not even turn her head.

"Do you really think that Pista will get Anna Bilinsky to make his new sleeves for him?" inquired Marzi, as he deftly unfastened another sheaf.

"Let him ask her!" sneered his sister.

"Now, what folly is that?" cried the old grandmother, imperfectly comprehending. "Ask Anna, the Judge's daughter? Why, she will marry an innkeeper at least, or perhaps a rich farmer, or a merchant from Lipotvar. She will have four cows to her dowry, and half-a-dozen feather beds, and a whole flock of geese. She will look higher than Pista."

"But there is no one like Pista," said Marzi enthusiastically.

"I hate Pista!" cried Marinka.

A few days afterwards, going up to the *Major*, or labourers' quarters, on an errand for her father, Marinka caught sight of the old widow, Martha Knotek, in the Schloss garden, busily at work. In company with three or four other women, she was scraping with a curved knife the moss and grass which had sprung up here and there on the narrow paths, being careful, however, to respect the multitude of gaily clad trespassers, wild saxifrages of every hue, which had found their way to these sunny quarters, and covered with a mosaic-like pattern of wondrous brightness alleys which were otherwise uniformly trim. But the "Mighty Lady" would not

have the flowers disturbed, and congratulated herself on her forbearance each time that she passed that way and saw the outspread blossoms smiling in the sun.

As Martha squatted back on her bare brown heels, she caught sight of Marinka on the other side of the hedge, and immediately hailed her.

"What! it is you, little one? Come here, I want to talk to you."

"I am busy, Mother Martha," returned the girl sullenly, but nevertheless she passed through the gate and drew near the old woman.

Widow Martha, folding her sun-dried arms, leered up hideously from beneath the folds of her faded red handkerchief.

"So you would not work for my Pista? Aha, but he can do without you! The sleeves are already begun. Fine work, Marinka—finer than yours!"

The blood rushed to Marinka's face. Perjured Pista! He had taken her at her word and broken his.

"Who is working them?" she asked, the words leaping out almost against her will. Martha wagged her head knowingly, her toothless mouth wreathed in smiles.

"I may not tell," she cried gleefully; "Nya, nya, I may not tell! It is not I, at least—you may see that for yourself."

She spread out her two skinny hands, the joints of which were distorted by rheumatism, while a goodly portion of the right forefinger was missing, Martha having some years previously been relieved of it by a billhook. The other women, pausing in their scraping, began to stare and giggle, and Marinka, tossing her head, stalked majestically away, her heart burning within

her at the thought of Pista's perfidy and of that ugly, stupid Anna's cunning.

Of course, it was Anna! Her wealth had tempted Marinka's lover from his allegiance; she had no doubt flattered and cajoled him; those fine embroidered sleeves of hers were purposely worn to allure and entrap him—vain, foolish youth that he was. It was all very fine for Grandmother to talk about the Judge's daughter looking higher—little Marzi was right—there was no one like Pista, false and detestable though he might be. But let them not think they would have it all their own way. Marinka was not to be slighted with impunity. Anna's life should be made a burden to her, though she was the Judge's daughter.

Poor, stout, stolid Anna! She was unable to account for the persecution to which she was suddenly subjected. Her flowers were surreptitiously uprooted, her hens let loose, eggs smashed in the nest, geese driven far afield. Her pet goats were, moreover, introduced by night into the orchard, so that the best fruit-trees were barked, her father's wrath unjustly descending not so much on the unknown culprit as on Anna herself. Added to this, the ignominy and alarm of seeing her own name, accompanied with opprobrious and slanderous epithets, scrawled in chalk on every available wall and gatepost, and the reception of documents mysteriously thrust under the door, containing fearful accusations and horrible threats. Poor Anna's not particularly acute brain was in a whirl of anguish and dismay, and she was quite at a loss to discover the reason of this onslaught, until a rash pleasantry revealed the identity of her persecutor.

Passing the village inn one Sunday afternoon, and overhearing the joyful squeaking of fiddles within, she



Pista sat at the little wooden table in the centre of the room

was impelled to draw near; for though no beauty, the Judge's daughter was a great dancer, and her important social position invariably secured for her a number of partners. Peering half fearfully round the open door, for she did not know but that her enemy might be among the dancers, she was at once hailed by no less a person than Pista. Now Pista was at that moment smarting from Marinka's scornful response to the summons which he had half hesitatingly made to her just before Anna's entrance, and seized the first opportunity of retaliation. But as Anna began to jig it delightedly in the centre of the room, Marinka, who was swaying negligently opposite her partner in the graceful Lassú, or slow movement of the Csárdas, glanced at her over her shoulder, and remarked with a loud laugh—

"There goes Anna with her money-bag. Some people hide their treasures in their bosoms, but Anna carries hers in her throat!"

This coarse and clumsy witticism, conveying as it did a palpable allusion to poor Anna's deformity, was received with covert laughter and applause, which, however, suddenly ceased when the victim, standing stock-still, burst into tears.

"Now that is too bad, Marinka," cried one. "What has the poor girl done to you? You have never a good word for her these times. Didn't I see you yesterday chalking up lies about her on her own father's gate?"

"Oh, Marinka, was it you?" wailed poor Anna reproachfully.

"And did not your little Marzi confess, when I boxed his ears for hustling away Anna's geese, that he did so by your orders?" cried another.

"And you are always jeering at her looks! Did I not see you myself puffing out your throat after she had passed, and trying to imitate her? It is very wicked—the poor girl did not make herself."

"As to that, the throat is nothing as things go," remarked one of Anna's suitors. "Who minds it? But Ludovic is right—it is wicked to mock at people."

"Yes, indeed, the good God will punish Marinka!" cried they all.

Marinka looked round, folded her arms, and moved slowly to the door.

"I care nothing for any of you," she cried defiantly. "I shall say what I like and do what I like. If the good God punishes anyone, He will certainly punish people who are false and treacherous."

And with that she left the place, passing like a flash before the windows.

"What does she mean?" gasped poor Anna.

"I know," cackled old Widow Martha, who was always to be found in the midst of any village gathering; "she thinks it is you who are embroidering my Pista's new blue sleeves."

In spite of her woe the heiress drew herself up.

"As if I should do such a thing!" she cried.

Pista darted out of the inn and sped after Marinka, soon overtaking her, though she walked fast. He was panting and in a white heat, but not from the speed with which he had run.

"Let me tell you once for all," he cried, as she turned and faced him, "that I have nothing to do with Anna Bilinsky, nor she with me."

"Then the sleeves! Who is—?"

"It is no affair of yours," he returned violently. "It is you who cast me off, Marinka—not I you."

He paused, struck by the kind of spasm which passed over the girl's face, and added in a softer tone and with a half smile—

"You must look nearer home, my pretty one."

Marinka started as if stung. She fancied he was sneering at her. With a snort and a whisk of her voluminous skirts she wheeled round and fled away, the high heels of her tall boots ringing sharply on the road.

If Anna was suddenly relieved from the persecution to which she had been of late so unjustly subjected, Marinka's girl neighbours now found themselves the victims of most vicious and unmerited attacks. "Look nearer home!" Pista had said; it was perhaps pretty Rosy, who lived next door to Marinka on the right, who had officiously taken upon herself to embroider these famous blue sleeves. Marinka seized the first opportunity of spilling a quantity of fruit syrup over Rosy's fair piece of newly woven linen, which had been laid out to bleach. Milly, too, who lived to the left of Marinka's cottage, found her clothes-line cut after a heavy wash, and all the family garments reposing in the mire. A pig ate a large portion of her father's best shirt, with the result that poor Milly was beaten and an entire family disorganised. Marinka's jealous suspicions fell now on one member of the little community and now on another, with the result that she rapidly became the terror of the place. Complaints were carried to the head agent and his underlings, to the priest, to the nuns, to the Judge. Each in turn reprimanded Marinka, and Marinka listened in sullen silence, protruding a rosy underlip and shrugging shapely shoulders.

At last news of the various misdeeds reached the ears of the Lady of the Schloss. It happened in this wise.

The great beanstack was being threshed in the big field at the back of the home farm. All the labourers belonging to the estate were there, and many of the

villagers were helping; amongst the rest Marinka. She was standing on the summit of the stack when the Lady strolled up in the cool of the evening to enquire into the progress of the work. It was a bright and busy scene. The great English machine with its smoking engine, which the village folk regarded with immense awe, was in full work, booming and reverberating over the heads of labourers and onlookers. The Inspector was there, and the under-agent, and the bailiff, all assisting at the measuring and weighing of the sacks full of tiny, shining beans; the stack aforesaid, composed of straw which had been subjected to the threshing process, was rapidly rising, and successive wagon-loads, piled high with fresh relays of provender, were dragged forward by team after team of the beautiful wide-horned oxen to replenish the insatiable maw of the machine. The air was full of the humming of the great leather bands, the clatter of many voices, broken now by a cheery laugh, now by a snatch of song; but all at once a new sound mingled with these homely, pleasant noises—the sound of a sharp cry. A sobbing and gesticulating girl rushed out from the group beneath the stack.

"It is Marinka!" she cried. "I saw her—I saw her myself. Oh, woe is me; what shall I do!"

The Châtelaine looked up to where Marinka's graceful figure moved hither and thither on the rustling bean-straw which she was sedulously and innocently spreading with her pitchfork, and then at Annola's tear-besmirched face.

"Why, what has she done?" she asked in surprise.

"Gracious Lady, she has broken my two pitchers. I had placed them for safety at the foot of the stack—the water-jar and the dish that held my father's dinner. I saw her—the wicked girl!—single out mine and throw down a sheaf of straw on them, so that they fell together and were broken. My mother will chastise me, and my father will think it my fault. She leaves us no peace, Gracious Lady; she torments every girl in the village with her evil tricks."

"Is this true?" asked the Mistress.

"It is indeed true, Mighty Lady," answered the bailiff, stepping forward. "The girl is a perfect pest."

"Na," cried the Herr Inspector; "we must put order into this."

Several girls now crowded round, each eager to relate her own special grievance; but the Châtelaine, waving them on one side, signed to Marinka to descend.

A slide, a bound, and Marinka alighted on her supple bare feet and came forward shamefacedly to greet the Mighty Lady. She was blushing, confused; as she stooped to kiss the hand extended to her, indeed, her bewilderment was so great that instead of contenting herself with the respectful salute customary among adults, she turned over the Lady's hand, as the village children were wont to do, and gave the palm, after their fashion, a preliminary little tap for luck.

The action, the frightened look, the fluctuating colour, all had so much of the child in them that the Châtelaine remembered that this naughty girl was really not much more than a child in years, and became suddenly mollified. Moreover, she had heard something of the little romance between her and Pista, and was aware that the course of true love had not of late run smooth.

"I am sure you are very sorry, Marinka," she said quite kindly, "to have injured poor little Annola. You would not willingly have broken her jars—it must have been by mistake. You used to be the best-behaved girl in the school—do you not remember how you won the good-conduct prize?"

"High Mighty Lady, yes!" said Marinka, in a low voice, and two big tears suddenly rolled over her ripe cheeks.

"You must go on giving a good example," said the Lady. "I have got a beautiful banner for you to carry in the procession. You know the great procession on the Feast-day? You shall carry the banner because your name is Mary, and because you are going to be such a very good girl."

The other village maidens listened open-mouthed, with blank faces; some even went so far as to murmur discontentedly to each other.

"High Mighty Lady," said Marinka quickly, "I—cannot."

Her black lashes dropped, she hung her head, and began to describe certain cabalistic circles with her bare foot in the dusty soil.

"I have no veil," she faltered; and then in a lower voice, "I am not good enough."

"I may find you a veil," said the Lady, "and you are going to be good enough—quite good. Now go back to your work, and take care that there are no more accidents."

Marinka kissed the Lady's hand again, this time almost passionately, and then turning impetuously, retired behind the stack, whence she presently emerged carrying one of the artistically shaped green jars used in that district for drinking-vessels: "You shall have my pitcher," she cried eagerly to Annola; "I am sorry I broke yours."

In another moment she had scaled the rick again, and repossessed herself of her pitchfork.

The demon would seem to have been exorcised from Marinka that evening; she received the scarcely veiled sarcasms of her fellow-workers with downcast looks and silence. Going home in the dusk, and perceiving a figure staggering in front of her, bent double beneath the weight of a brimming pail, she charitably hastened to overtake it.

"May I not carry your bucket, Mother?"

She started back, however, half repenting of her charitable intent, when she discovered that the old woman was no other than Martha Knotek.

"Hé," said Martha, "yes, my little one; you may carry my bucket, and welcome—the old woman will bless you for sparing her rheumatic old back. There will be a change in the weather, Marinka, I tell you; my lumbago warns me without fail. It is better even than the queer glass in the Castle yonder."

She continued to chatter to the girl as she walked beside her, and even when they arrived at her quarters in the *Major*, she would not consent to let her go.

The *Major* occupied two sides of a large square courtyard, and was newly built, the Lady of the Manor having recently made notable changes in the domestic arrangements of her workpeople. Formerly, four families had been obliged to share a single room; but now each little household, if household it could be called, was allowed entire possession of a whole bed-room, and had actually half a kitchen to itself. Widow Martha, indeed, reigned supreme in her chamber, for Pista was accommodated with a beautiful chaff bed in the ox-stable, a fact of which she was particularly proud, though her neighbour the blacksmith's wife, whose apartment on the opposite side of their joint kitchen was occupied by three generations of her family, opined that she must be somewhat lonely.

"You must come in," cried the widow jovially; "there is somebody here whom you will be pleased to see, and—and I think it is time for you to know the secret."

She had dragged the girl across the kitchen as she spoke, and opening the door of the adjoining room, pushed her in before she could remonstrate. The blind was drawn and the little lamp already cast a flickering light on the embroidered coverlet of Martha's bed, on the smoke-begrimed pictures of the Saints, some of them centuries old, which crowded the walls, on the little wooden table in the centre of the room, beside which sat—Pista himself—Pista with a white apron covering his canvas clothes, a needle between his finger and thumb, his head attentively bent over a mass of shimmering blue and white.

"Pista," cried Marinka, "so it was you—you yourself!"

Pista looked up, startled at first; but at sight of Marinka's pale face and almost horrified eyes, he burst out laughing.

"Did I not say," he cried, "that I would ask no other maiden but you to work for me?"

"Ah, how wicked I have been!" gasped Marinka, and she burst into tears.

In spite of the prognostications of the weather prophets, the morning of the 8th of September dawned exquisitely clear and bright; and at nine o'clock the inhabitants of Petheöfalva met in the centre of the village, just by the statue of St. Anne. The harvest had been a good one, as was testified by the number of votive offerings which adorned both the statue and its pedestal: wreaths of flowers, bunches of ribbons, strings of beads—not very valuable, these tokens of gratitude, but the poor peasants gave of their best.

When all were assembled, the village folk formed in procession, the altar-boys, in scarlet cassocks and white surplices, leading, followed by the men, young and old; then came the children, the maidens and matrons, all in holiday attire, everyone who could afford it wearing a white veil over embroidered cap or folded ribbon. They advanced in regular order, lustily singing their curious monotonous hymns, and so walked for miles in the scorching heat of the sun along roads ankle-deep in dust, crossing streams occasionally, and wading through ploughed fields.

From different points in the landscape other processions could be seen, each at first looking like a mere undulating streak of colour, but gradually resolving itself into a band of pilgrims numbering some hundreds. Even the gipsies, folk dreaded by the peasants on ordinary occasions, laid aside on this day their usual savagery and appeared decently and even sumptuously clad, with brown hands folded and wicked eyes demurely downcast, walking sedately like other sober people. Carriages, carts, country wagons filled to overflowing with worshippers from great distances, raised mighty clouds of dust every now and then. Gradually all these streams of life were seen to converge to one point—a little wood, lying close beneath the shadow of the hills. In the midst of this wood was a chapel—a chapel so tiny that it could not have contained a hundredth part of the multitude that pressed towards it, yet which was the centre to which all their simple hearts were turned. The copse was already full of people moving hither and thither among the trees; and when the last procession, which chanced to be that of Petheöfalva, drew near, the priest,

who had been waiting for some little time, went out to meet it and returned at its head.

The Châtelaine of Petheöfalva, descending from her carriage, stood beneath the trees to see her people pass. After the crowd of little boys, all devoutly piping with ear-piercing shrillness, came the youths, headed by their cross-bearer, Pista. A very striking figure was Pista to-day, with his bare head reverently bent, and his strong hands steadily carrying the cross; over these hands fell the lace edges of a pair of worked sleeves, sleeves which the Châtelaine suddenly perceived were embroidered in crimson and yellow—were they not indeed the very pair that Marinka had worked for him some months before?

Now the old men were passing, their quavering voices uplifted gallantly still, in spite of their long and toilsome march; now came the little ones, pattering along with their tiny bare dusty feet, and all bravely carolling, without, it must be owned, very much regard to time or tune.

But as the priest reached the threshold of the chapel, silence suddenly fell, and the rest of the procession pressed on, unaccompanied by any sound save that of their own measured footfalls and rustling skirts. Here came the girls, headed by a tall maiden carrying a silken banner, which she carefully lowered as she passed beneath the outspread branches of the trees. Her dark eyes looked forth from beneath a snowy veil, and the brown arms which trembled a little under the strain and weight of the precious burden were draped by a pair of beautiful blue embroidered sleeves.

The Châtelaine smiled to herself, and without waiting to see the end of the procession made her way back to her carriage. So crowded had the little copse become that it was impossible to approach the chapel, the small space within its walls having been long ago occupied by worshippers who had arrived early on the scene. Round about the open doorway, the windows, the very blank wall at the rear, the people clustered thick as swarms of human bees. The throng, which had parted to allow the procession to pass, now closed together; the sun, glancing through the green canopy overhead, fell upon the densely packed heads, each clothed in its own quaint fashion; one would have thought it impossible for a unit of that crowd to move, yet at the warning tinkle of the sanctuary bell the whole multitude managed in some inexplicable fashion to drop upon its knees, and so remained throughout the hour that followed. In a moment, too, with a simultaneous flash of multi-coloured sleeves, the men's gaily plumed hats were removed and a sea of heads, blonde and black and grizzled, lay bare to sun and breeze.

The Châtelaine knelt in her carriage; the coachman knelt upon his box; the little thoroughbred horses, which had stamped and fidgetted a short time before, stood still when the first long-drawn notes of the hymn floated upon the air, for music forms part of a Hungarian horse's education, and no Magyar stable is complete without its pipe and drum.

It was over at last; the congregation had risen to its feet; the last lines of the last hymn were drawing to their close—

Ten predrahy venec, nech bude nás svedek, za to
nás Maria,
Vsech do neba privec, abychme sa mohli,
V nebesách raduvat, zdrav bud' Maria, Tebe
prespevuvat.

And at length, after the final triumphant "Amen," acquaintances had leisure to think of their neighbours. Greetings and gossip were interchanged, pipes and cigarettes were lit, handkerchiefs containing light refreshments

"And surely that is Marinka?" chimed in another before she could reply. "And it is she who is wearing the famous sleeves of which we have heard so much!"

"Truly yes," replied Widow Martha; "it is Pista and it is also Marinka; and she is wearing those very sleeves."

"But he worked them himself!" cried both gossips together.

They were amazed, not at the fact of the young man's relinquishing the ploughshare for the needle—a circumstance no more uncommon among this people than that a woman should lay aside her distaff for the bricklayer's trowel or the flail—but at such extraordinary generosity.

"Ach! you see she will soon belong to him, and then they will be his again. It was the Noble Lady who arranged it. Marinka told her about Pista working them, do you see, when she went to fetch her veil. And she, Mighty Lady, sent for Pista—ah! Pista is in luck. He is to be made coachman at the farm, and will drive horses instead of oxen. Who knows? In time he may even come to drive the Noble Lady herself, and to wear a beautiful blue coat like Tamas yonder. And Marinka, after they are married, is to help with the washing at the Schloss."

"Oh, oh, they are fortunate," said the neighbours enviously.

"You may say so," agreed Martha emphatically. "Old Sanzsauský is not doing so badly for his daughter either. He is giving her two feather beds, three pillows, and a little pig."

"Oh, oh!" said the gossips again. And one of them added somewhat maliciously: "And you, Martha; what are you settling on your son?"

"I am making a great sacrifice," said Martha, raising her eyes and hands to heaven; "but the good God will reward me for it. I am giving the young couple—Ludovica."

THE END.

September 8 was the date of the coming-of-age of Reginald, Lord Herbert, eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke. The title of Lord Herbert is borne thrice over by the Earl of Pembroke, who is Lord Herbert of Cardiff, Lord Herbert of Shurland, and Lord Herbert of Lea. The very reflective statue that

fronts the War Office is that of the Lord Herbert of Lea who was Mr. Gladstone's friend, and who served as War Minister during the Crimean War. The young Lord Herbert of to-day is the grandson of the famous Minister.

The London clubman is still very much of a drifter, billeted upon his neighbours, whose own turn for expulsion by the cleaners has either been already endured or is still to come. These interchanges of hospitality between clubs are sometimes embarrassing. Mr. Herbert Spencer, for instance, a man of peace in every line, becomes for a month or so, at the decree of the whitewasher, the frequenter of a military club. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, inseparable from the Athenæum, has been seen at work in the window of the United Service.



The girls were headed by a tall maiden carrying a silken banner.

in the shape of pastry and apples were unfolded, and murmurs and laughter of a mundane order succeeded the religious fervour of a little while ago.

But not in every instance were thoughts of secular matters in the ascendant. In twos and threes people still mounted and descended the worn steps leading to the chapel, and, passing through the sanctuary, reverently kissed the altar, after which they knelt for a few moments within the hallowed walls.

Some of the good folk of Petheöfalva suddenly noticed a young couple who, hand in hand, were just crossing the threshold.

"Is not that your Pista?" asked one of an old woman who, painfully dragging herself up by a tree-trunk, was rising from her rheumatic knees.

THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE: DUNKIRK, HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S LANDING-PLACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FALCINY.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE PORT.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN.

The Czar will be escorted to Dunkirk by a division of Russian war-ships, and on his arrival will review the French Channel Squadron, which is to be reinforced by a division of the French Mediterranean Fleet, and probably by a number of submarine vessels. The first Czar to visit

over £100,000. It is in the Flemish Renaissance style, and has a very fine Council Chamber, a reception-room, and a hall for the celebration of marriages, decorated in a most elaborate manner. There are also suites of offices for the mayor, aldermen, and other municipal officials. The

is intended to commemorate the union of Dunkirk with France, of which it is now the third port in point of importance, and the already large docks are intended to be still further enlarged. The commercial quarter of Dunkirk is unattractive, dull, and smoky, but the



THE TOWER.



THE RUE DE L'EGLISE.



THE NEW HÔTEL DE VILLE, RUE DE L'EGLISE.

Dunkirk was Peter the Great, who came by canal, and was welcomed by a lieutenant and fifteen guardsmen. President Faure will receive Nicholas II. at Dunkirk, and will, it is expected, inaugurate the new Hôtel de Ville. The building in question is a splendid pile, and has cost

façade of the building is decorated with statues of several eminent Dunkirk celebrities, and is surmounted by a large equestrian statue of King Louis XIV., who visited Dunkirk in December 1662, after the town had been bought from King Charles II. of England. This statue

townspeople find relaxation at their more lively suburb; Malo-les-Bains, so called in honour of Gaspard Malo, the politician. Dunkirk's most famous son is, of course, the patriot Jean Bart, who is buried in the ancient "Kirk-on-the-Downs," whence Dunkirk takes its name.



THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.



MALO-LES-BAINS, THE FASHIONABLE SUBURB OF DUNKIRK.

THE ANNUAL FAIR AT BARNET.



THE PROBLEM OF AËRIAL NAVIGATION: THE NAVIGABLE BALLOON, "SANTOS DUMONT VI."



THE ACCIDENT TO "SANTOS DUMONT VI" IN THE GROUNDS OF M. EDMOND DE ROTHSCHILD:
TOWING THE BALLOON ACROSS THE LAKE.

Photo, Gribayedoff.



"SANTOS DUMONT VI." IN M. DE ROTHSCHILD'S GERANIUM BEDS.

Photo, Gribayedoff.



THE CONSTRUCTION OF "SANTOS DUMONT VI.": THE CUTTING-OUT SHOP.



SANTOS DUMONT'S RIVAL: THE BALLOON OF M. ROZE.

Photo, Gribayedoff.



KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO THE DARMSTADT DECORATIVE ART EXHIBITION: HIS MAJESTY AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DARMSTADT

THE METHODIST ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL IN LONDON: MEMORIALS OF WESLEY.

FIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAS.



STATUE OF JOHN WESLEY AT CITY ROAD CHAPEL.



JOHN WESLEY'S TEA-POT



JOHN WESLEY'S TOMB AT CITY ROAD.



GROUP OF THE WORLD'S DELEGATES TO THE METHODIST ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

Photo. Russell.



JOHN WESLEY'S ESCRITTOIRE.



CITY ROAD CHAPEL, WITH WESLEY'S ORIGINAL PULPIT.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



1. PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND ADMIRAL DEWEY REVIEWING UNITED STATES TROOPS.
3. PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT HIS DESK IN THE WHITE HOUSE.
5. PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ADDRESSING VOLUNTEERS RETURNED FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

2. PRESIDENT MCKINLEY TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE, MARCH 4, 1901.
4. MRS. MCKINLEY IN THE LIBRARY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
6. PRESIDENT MCKINLEY COACHING IN GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.



THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC, BUFFALO EXPOSITION, WHERE THE ATTEMPT WAS MADE ON THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE, SEPTEMBER 6.

THE STAIRCASE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE PRESIDENT IN HIS STUDY.

THE PRESIDENT SHAKING HANDS WITH A NEWSBOY.
WILLIAM MCKINLEY, TWICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION: MR. MCKINLEY GREETING VISITORS WITHIN THE WHITE HOUSE.

ON THE WAY TO THE CHILDREN'S EASTER MONDAY RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

MRS. MCKINLEY.

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE.
Photo, J. H. Washington.

THE EASTER MONDAY EGG-ROLLING FÊTE AT THE WHITE HOUSE: THE PRESIDENT WELCOMING HIS LITTLE GUESTS.

A PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION: VISITORS WAITING IN THE RAIN.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

By Rock and Pool. By Louis Becke. (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
The Fly-Wheel. By George Wemyss. (London: Macqueen. 6s.)
The Thirteen Evenings. By George Bartram. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Springtime in the Basque Mountains. By Arthur Lasenby Liberty. (London: Grant Richards. 12s.)
Quincy Adams Sawyer. By Charles Felton Pidgin. (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
The Devastators. By Ada Cambridge. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Some Records of the Later Life of Harriet, Countess of Granville. By her Granddaughter, Susan H. Oldfield. With Portraits. (London: Longmans, Green. 16s.)

The most notable thing about Mr. Louis Becke's "By Rock and Pool" is the amount of detailed fact which it records. True, it is not wholly fiction. Between such stories as "Solepa" and "On Board the *Tucopia*" are descriptive chapters—"On an Austral Shore," "The Fisherfolk of Nukufetau," "A Hundred Fathoms Deep," and the like; indeed, these interludes compose the greater part of the volume, and, to our mind, the better. But in both stories and descriptions, it is the accumulation of detailed fact that strikes us as being most remarkable. "... his servants brought them many baskets of cooked food—taro and yams, and fish, turtle, and pork." "About her waist were two fine mats, and her bosom and hands were stained with turmeric." These two quotations, taken at an opening of the book at "Solepa," illustrate the way in which the author makes use of accessories. He is copious of them, but he leaves them to speak for themselves. We have not suggested for us any colour-impression made by the taro and yams or the turmeric stains, it will be noticed. Fact is valuable as fact, to the author, evidently. For this reason we prefer him in those portions of his work which are frankly educative, for we take it that at bottom of this delight in detail is a determination and desire to bring home to the English reader a knowledge of the countries across the sea which Mr. Becke knows so well. Whatever the intention, the method at any rate can never produce a great romance of the Southern Seas such as Mr. Conrad, for example, can give us. It can, and does, produce in Mr. Becke's hands, however, extremely interesting and (to repeat) educative volumes. We ought to add that the best thing in "By Rock and Pool" is "Mrs. MacLaggan's Billy." We commend the adventures of Billy to the reader.

No doubt the fault lies in our own wit, but we have to confess our failure to understand the reason for the title, "The Fly-Wheel," which George Wemyss has chosen for his (or ought it not to be "her"?) latest story. Webster is quoted to define for us what a fly-wheel is; but, of course, it is in the application that the difficulty lies. What condition of life or decree of Fate or weight of circumstance or interaction of character was the fly-wheel in the destinies of Hetty Acheson, Lady Freda, Chetwynd, Trefusis, and Fawcett, together or severally, "equalising the movement and accumulating or giving out energy for a variable or intermitting resistance"? If, however, the title is somewhat misty, the novel itself is admirably lucid. George Wemyss has a gift for laying out her story in a clear, orderly, definite way—a gift for storytelling, that is to say. There are some stories, it must be remembered, which are doomed to disappoint. They have the seeds of disappointment in themselves. Fascinating and entertaining up to a point, the conditions of life and character and the play of circumstance which they postulate do not contain the weight and emotional volume necessary for a great and inevitable climax. Such a story, we are inclined to think, George Wemyss has found, and to this, rather than to failure on the part of the author, we may attribute the undoubted disappointment of the conclusion. Still, there is a huddled feeling about the last chapters in strong contrast with the admirable planning of the earlier. It would be wrong to speak of "The Fly-Wheel" as a great or even an important novel; but it is unusually well told.

"The Thirteen Evenings" of Mr. George Bartram raises a question of some interest in the present state of letters. It is by no means a profound question; it simply asks: "What gives a novelist knowledge of the world?" Many writers of the present day seem to think that knowledge of the world is acquired by roaming the surface of the earth. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, and Mr. Guy Boothby scurry through the four quarters to get fresh material. And no doubt these gentlemen—or the best of them—introduce their readers to new scenes and new characters which, had they not been geographical roamers, would never have come within their ken. But the fact remains that not one of these writers has that finest knowledge of the world which is the best equipment of the novelist. Many a man who contents himself with watching his own little circle and studying the complexity of his own character, has more philosophy, more dramatic power, and more insight into human nature, than all the five writers we have mentioned put together. Shakspeare never left England, Balzac never left France, but from their arm-chairs they summed the Universe. Not extensive journeying abroad, therefore, but intensive reflection

in himself, is the best qualification for a man who wishes to produce creative work. Of which of these qualifications stands possessed Mr. Bartram? Well, he has evidently been in queer places. In this collection he has three gruesomely vivid stories of the West Indies, which seem to show he has been there himself. The description of the orgie in the great wine-vaults at London Dock could only have been written by an eye-witness. He appears to have a first-hand knowledge of the gipsies. So far, then, he belongs to the extensive school, the school of the observant voyager. But he has other characteristics. He does not concern himself very much, it is true, with the complexities of human character; but he has a knowledge of different types, and a hard, insistent realism in portraying them.

Our illustration of the citadel above St. Jean Pied de Port is taken from a volume of travels, entitled "Springtime in the Basque Mountains," by Mr. Arthur Lasenby Liberty. The author's journeyings included Biarritz, Cambo, and part of Northern Spain, and nothing is too minute for the diligent observer to chronicle. Of the author's frank descriptive method, the lines relating to St. Jean Pied de Port may be quoted. It is evident that he nurses no illusions regarding his own sketches, some of which he has included in his volume: "Above the fall lay a broad stretch of azure waters, bordered by shelving banks and red-brown houses. The houses were of varying form, but all faced with wide, projecting balconies of weather-stained wood. Another bridge loomed in the middle



THE CITADEL ABOVE THE TOWN OF ST. JEAN PIED DE PORT.

Reproduced from "Springtime in the Basque Mountains," by permission of Mr. Grant Richards.

distance higher up the river, whilst from amid a pile of houses near it rose a grey stone church and tower. Beyond were tree-clad hills, filling in the distant background with shadows of hazy greens and purples. It was really a most delightful study, and I was at once tempted to try to 'wash it in'; but I artfully concealed the fact that the photograph which I had seen at the hotel had evidently been taken from this self-same spot, and that I was now working on the pencil outline I had jotted down. However, I failed ignominiously, as it was most righteous that I should, after taking such a mean advantage."

Mr. Charles Felton Pidgin describes his story, "Quincy Adams Sawyer," as a picture of New England home life. We are only sorry that we cannot agree with him. It is a detailed and painstaking narrative of more or less improbable events, with here and there a touch of burlesque, which is, as often as not, unintentional. Perhaps it is ultimately destined for the stage—we notice that the right of dramatisation is reserved—in any case, the stage directions are fully given, and nothing is left to the imagination: the most ordinary comings and goings are rendered with a tiresome plenitude of detail. Mr. Pidgin is too prolix by half: we grow weary of waiting for the hero to declare his passion to the beautiful blind heroine; but supper is invariably announced in stentorian tones at the critical moment. The heroine has perfections which would surely have fitted her for another sphere; and, not content with these, she is also a successful novelist, poet, and song-writer. At the tender age of twenty-one she bursts upon an astonished world, eager to read her stories, listen to her songs, and gaze upon the dramatised version of her novel! There is some humour in the description of the Lady Elfrida Hastings,

and the hero's mother and sister "yearned to acquire that statuesque repose which comes so natural to the daughter of an Earl." Quincy himself had the temerity to invite her to sail with him in a cat-boat, but, as might have been foreseen, "the Lady Elfrida declined with a statuesque shiver, that Florence Sawyer tried ineffectually to imitate." For the rest, we have a surprise party, a village wedding, and innumerable samples of what purports to be rustic humour. Quincy Adams goes through it all dispensing his father's dollars in a princely fashion, and generally with a most uncalled-for lavishness. The story, of course, is pure farce; it is a pity that it lacks the spontaneity which alone makes farce entertaining.

According to Miss Ada Cambridge—that is, if we accept "The Devastators" as her dictum—it is the beautiful and fascinating portion of mankind who work the most havoc; not the womenfolk among them only, but the men likewise. There is towards the close a little slackening of the accepted rule, and the writer displays a tendency to admit that beauty and virtue can sometimes flourish side by side. So the couples who figure in this narrative are assorted with care—handsome and plain, plain and handsome—they all have their share of trials, and the theory is demonstrated to a nicety. But having said so much, we have no further fault to find with "The Devastators" or with its author. Light and amusing as the early chapters are, without any foreboding of the tragedy that is to be, it is with something like disgust that, simultaneously with the entrance of Mimi Carter, the reader gets a glimpse of the course which events are likely to follow. The lovable Peggy, with her big mouth and her red hair, is engaged to the debonair Mr. Beddingfield, and there is no cloud on their horizon when the fascinating widow—a sort of Becky Sharp in her way—enters the ball-room. After that it is easy to foresee the end. The marriage takes place, and there is whole-hearted love on Peggy's side, and Harry at first seems to return it; but the siren has not spread her net in vain, even though she cast it in full view of her victims. Thenceforth proud, honourable Peggy, who "doesn't believe in chains," sees him drift farther and farther from her side. Peggy's one fault, like her mother's, was that "you would never see her look at her husband while there was a child about to attend to." And, after all, it is a fault, even though it has its root in virtue. Among the subordinate characters, Keith Macdonald, the young doctor who loved Peggy in silence, and in whose arms she died, is perhaps the most interesting, although we are inclined to think that the scene between him and the recalcitrant husband after Peggy's death is overdrawn. Next comes Gordon le Marchand, confirmed cynic and detractor of beauty, who at the close of the story remarries the beautiful woman who had divorced him twenty-four years before! Both being handsome, they had, of course, disagreed, but apparently their love had survived all lesser feelings, and we leave them utterly at peace.

Lady Granville's letters, written during her married life, were published some time ago by her son, the Hon. F. Leveson-Gower. The present supplementary volume deals with the period of her widowhood, and is largely composed of extracts from her commonplace-book. Lady Granville's widowhood began in January 1846, and she died at the close of 1862. Her main interests were in her children, of whom two were known beyond the confines of the large "set" of relations under constant allusion in these pages. Her son, Earl Granville, who took prominent rank as a politician, is not yet forgotten; and her daughter, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, lives still in the memory of those who have by heart the story of the Tractarian Movement. Lady Georgiana's Tracts were novels, one of which, "Ellen Middleton," containing a plea for the revival of the Confessional, was reviewed favourably in a quarterly by her friend Mr. Gladstone—a fact of which he had a not wholly pleasant reminder fifty years afterwards. No distance was put between mother and daughter when Lady Georgiana joined the Church of Rome; but perhaps the division accounts for what otherwise seems so superfluous a headline as "Lady Granville's Affection for Lady G. Fullerton." Very innocent and delightful are the glimpses we get into the feelings of a lady who had seen something of the world but had suffered no loss of simplicity. To go to hear Mr. Spurgeon was an adventure, and the casual mention of the fact before a Bishop a capital indiscretion which must find glowing record in a letter. Suitable quotations were doubtless at hand for it. "Ask Totty to send me some mottoes," is a request which seems to interpret the spirit of a great deal of the dowager's outlook on life. She "pounces" upon them—the word is her own—even in books she otherwise did not like. A country sermon against carol-singers (who might get drunk with the money given to them) affects her so much that she must write to a "dearest Duchess" for her opinion, meanwhile suspending payments to the preached-against musicians who had delighted and edified her. Moreover, they had brought her "quotations by their hymns," and therefore had her gratitude. If there are people to whom quotations, second-hand, from Faber, Mr. Poone, Mrs. Norton, Miss Sewell, Newman, Keble, and Mrs. Wilson are welcome, they will find themselves feasted here.



STALACTITE CAVE DISCOVERED NEAR WOOKEY HOLE, IN THE MENDIP HILLS.
Without colour it is impossible to convey the wonderful beauty of the cave, in which dazzling white alternates with a rich red.

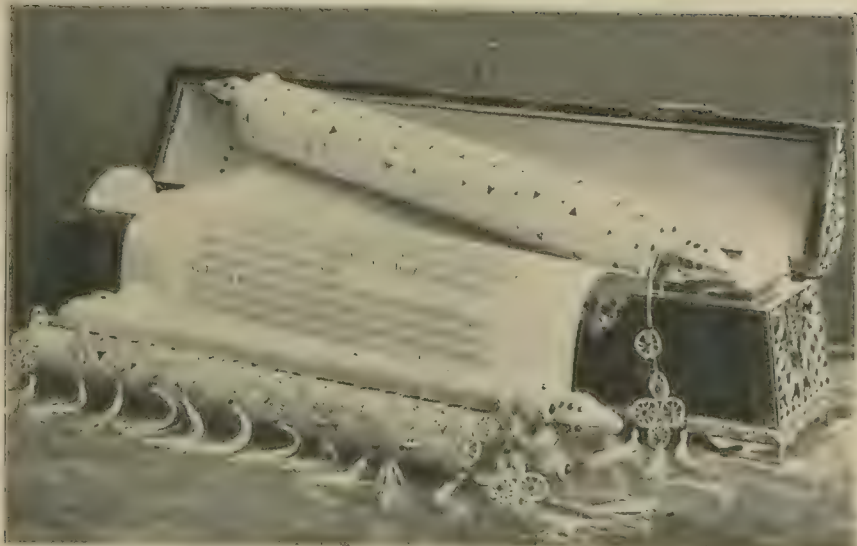


Photo. Esser.

CASKET AND ADDRESS PRESENTED TO KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA
BY THE MUNICIPALITY OF COPENHAGEN.



Photo. Sime and Kontze, P. O. S. S.

THE CHINESE EXPIATORY MISSION TO THE KAISER: PRINCE TCHUN
AND HIS SUITE LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION.



Photo. Mason.

PLACING A 67-TON GUN (13'5) IN THE FORE TURRET OF H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR," PORT GUARD-SHIP AT PORTSMOUTH.

DOVER AND CONTINENTAL OCEAN TRAFFIC: THE PROPOSED HARBOUR EXTENSIONS.

The recent visit of a German war-ship to Dover Harbour was not without its significance, and it has been followed by an incident of even greater importance in the commercial history of the town. On Sept. 3 Sir William Crundall, Deputy Chairman of the Harbour Board, waited on the Emperor William at Potsdam, and laid before him a scheme of harbour extension which is calculated, when completed, greatly to increase the Continental trade of Dover. Sir William showed the Kaiser a chart, on which had been laid down the existing route of the German Transatlantic steamers, and the route which they would follow if Dover were made a regular port of call. A plan showing the depths of the harbour waters was also exhibited, and his Majesty went fully into the question of tides and currents as affected by the proposed harbour extensions. He also made minute inquiries regarding the progress of the works, and the details were explained by Mr. Goode, who accompanied the deputation. The Emperor expressed his very warm admiration of the scheme, and Sir William Crundall, in thanking his Majesty for the audience, presented a book containing a bird's-eye view of the harbour works as they will appear when finished. By the kindness of the Harbour Board, we are enabled to reproduce the official plans,



PLAN OF THE PROPOSED HARBOUR WORKS AT DOVER.

The Admiralty works are shown in black, the Harbour Board works slightly lighter.

be twice the size of Charing Cross, and within it Continental passengers will land and pass directly to their trains. The advantages of such a system are obvious, but they can be fully appreciated only by those who know the discomfort of landing in bad weather after a disagreeable voyage. Under the new order of things, a dismal walk in the wet along slippery quays from boat to railway will be unknown, and the most severely storm-tossed passenger will rejoice in the double boon of shelter and a short transit to his carriage. The harbour extension has, of course, a wider application than mere personal comfort,

and the enterprise of Dover will have results of international importance. It was the intention of Sir William Crundall and the deputation to proceed from Potsdam to



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

SIR W. CRUNDALL,
Deputy Chairman of the Dover Harbour Board;
Head of the Deputation to the Kaiser.

presented a book containing a bird's-eye view of the harbour works as they will appear when finished. By the kindness of the Harbour Board, we are enabled to reproduce the official plans,



Photo. Frith.

DOVER: THE CASTLE AND ESPLANADE.

the largest liners. Four years from now will see the completion of the new Water Station, which will hold sixteen trains and four steam-boats. This station will

the Hague, to confer with the authorities there regarding the Dutch Transatlantic service, but owing to the absence of many of the officials the meeting was postponed.

DOVER HARBOUR.—[Photo. Facollette.]



CHART SHOWING COMPARATIVE DISTANCES BETWEEN DOVER AND OTHER CHANNEL PORTS AND THE CONTINENT.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S TOUR: ST. VINCENT, QUEBEC, AND HALIFAX.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY F. YEIGH, TORONTO, CANADA



THE NEW CITY HALL, QUEBEC, BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE OLD JESUITS' COLLEGE.



THE OLD JESUITS' COLLEGE, QUEBEC.



THE HON. L. A. JETTÉ,
Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec.



A GENERAL VIEW OF ST. VINCENT, LOOKING SOUTH.



THE HON. S. N. PARENT,
Premier of the Province of Quebec.

The evening of Sept. 3 found the *Ophir* anchored at St. Vincent. On the following day the inhabitants presented an address of welcome to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall; and on the 5th the *Ophir* sailed for Quebec, to which the voyage will be made direct. All going well, Sept. 15 should see the royal party under the shadow of the "Gibraltar of America," with its memories of Wolfe and the battle of the



BRITISH WAR-SHIPS IN HALIFAX HARBOUR, NOVA SCOTIA.

Plains of Abraham. On Sept. 21 the Duke and Duchess leave for Halifax, Nova Scotia. Various British war-ships, including the *Crescent*, *Psyche*, *Prosperine*, and *Pallas*, have been ordered to leave Halifax for Quebec to await the *Ophir's* arrival. From Halifax also the *Indefatigable*, the *Tribune*, and the destroyer *Quail* have sailed to join the *Ophir* and escort her to Quebec.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CITADEL, HALIFAX.



THE CITY HALL, HALIFAX.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

France is under the impression that next week the eyes of the whole of Europe, if not of the whole of the civilised world, will be upon her. At the time of writing, Dunkirk and Rheims are simply on the verge of bursting with suppressed excitement, but the mental condition of either the Dunkerquois or the Rémois is as nothing to that of the older generation of Compiègnois. Blessed are those who expect little or nothing, for they shall not be disappointed, which in more or less popular French is rendered, "Quand on ne s'attend à rien, la moindre des choses surprend." Dunkirk, up to a few weeks ago, expected nothing to happen within her walls, for ever since the town's foundation nothing has ever happened there, the hardy race of sailors to which she gave birth (Jean Bart among the number) having generally performed their greatest exploits on the ocean, and received their reward in the capital.

Under such circumstances, there is not much imagination required to picture the kind of awe with which the news of their forthcoming distinction was received by the inhabitants of the very modest but commercially solid seaport, which has never preferred a claim to share the pomp and glory of naval pageants like her more favoured southern sister towns. As a consequence, Dunkirk, from the quiet, peaceful, and rudimentary spot it was, has developed into a kind of temporary Armida gardens, and without exaggeration, half the people are off their heads at the honour conferred upon them by the Chief of the State and the powerful ruler of all the Russias. The other half—i.e., the wealthier—have been positively turning their houses inside out in expectation of their guests, and when all is over "Dunkerque n'aura jamais été à une noce pareille."

Rheims is also excited, but in a different way. She is in the habit of receiving Kings—or, at any rate, was in the habit of doing so in days gone by. Nay, more, uncrowned Kings came to her, and when they issued from the portals of her cathedral they were crowned. Truly, only the very oldest inhabitants can remember a ceremony of that kind, for more than three-quarters of a century have gone by since the coronation of Charles X.; but traditions are traditions, and Rheims, though highly delighted at the forthcoming visit, is not thrown off her mental hinges. She is going to receive the Czar, the Czaritsa, and the President of the Republic "en grande-dame qui sait vivre," and not like Mrs. Massarene received the duchess—or was it a countess?—at her palatial residence in Park Lane.

Between Dunkirk, all of a tremor, like a girl at her first ball, and Rheims, as composed as an old, a very old, *douairière*, sure of her *savoir-faire* and her absolute familiarity with the higher code of etiquette, there stands Compiègne—Compiègne the "cocky," as it was called during the Second Empire, when it had practically the whip-hand of Versailles, Rambouillet, and St. Cloud, and only yielded in importance to the Tuileries in the matter of receiving crowned heads. Compiègne is virtually like a handsome middle-aged widow of a most aristocratic family who has been for many years under a cloud, and who by a sudden revival of fortune is, or feels, herself again. Rheims knows how to receive "en grande-dame," but all is stately and majestic within her walls. Her royal guests never stayed longer than they could help. The princes and sovereigns who came to Compiègne when Louis Napoleon ruled the political, and his Consort the fashionable, roast in Europe, never departed until obliged. For fifteen years or more Compiègne was, during a couple of months every year, the cynosure of the whole of Europe, a town of historic lineage as good as that of Rheims, and which had not abated its aristocratic pretensions until it threw in its lot with the mixed society of the Second Empire. That society, however, was vastly more charming than the swashbuckling element of the First Empire, the supercilious *noblesse* of the restored Bourbons, who—the *noblesse*—were somewhat too apt to emphasise their newly recovered importance, or the *terre-à-terre bourgeoisie* of the reign of Louis Philippe. The Citizen Monarch's Court was the reverse of ornamental, and the Citizen Monarch himself too near in money matters to endeavour to improve things.

Suddenly there came the son of the splendour-loving Hortense de Beauharnais, and the daughter of the equally festively inclined Countess de Montijo. In their wanderings the young imperial couple had learned that the nation that is most easily amused is most easily governed, and for eighteen years they put their experience into practice by making Paris a temple of joy and Compiègne its chapel of ease. Then came the crash, and the Compiègnois sang: "Ils sont passés, ces jours de fête, pour ne jamais revenir." They did not wish for their revival under the Third Republic. They knew that, however liberal-minded and free-handed, no President, if he were a multi-millionaire, could attempt to rival the magnificence and the pomp and the gaiety of the Napoleonic Court during the whole of the 'sixties. What could a President of the Republic, however well disposed and lavish, do with £50,000 per annum in a place which under the Second Empire had £8000 per day spent on it for sixty days in succession? And now all at once, and almost without warning, the Compiègnois, after thirty-two years of oblivion, are called upon to do the honours to a monarch whose grandfather never managed to come among them, although he came to Paris. Honestly, the Compiègnois are swelling with importance, for it must be remembered that the Sovereign is to sleep within their walls. They trust that this may be the thin end of the wedge in the way of grand entertainments, and that sooner or later Compiègne may resume its old splendour, even at the cost to the country at large of an enormous increase of the Chief Magistrate's stipend.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

C AND L OWEN (Russia).—The problem you refer to ought to be No. 2090. The first solution you send is correct; the second by 1. B to K 3rd will not do, on account of Black 2. P takes P, and no mate follows. A correct problem can possess only one key-move.

C W (Sunbury).—Much obliged.

G J HICKS.—If an opportunity presents itself we will forward your amusing effusion to the author.

P D (Brighton).—There was a mistake of ours in No. 2093—a fact so obvious that you might have saved your criticism.

C BERNETT (Biggleswade).—Owing to the early date at which we go to press, acknowledgments of solutions seldom appear till a fortnight after the date of sending them. We have referred elsewhere to No. 2093.

F BERNETT (Irvinebank, North Queensland).—Your problems shall be examined. We will do our best to attend to your request, but we cannot undertake such things in future.

H D'O BERNARD.—We are exceedingly sorry, and have made what amends we can. We cannot print it a second time. Some correspondents have sent the correct solution notwithstanding the defect.

G L (Gringley-on-Hill).—We always acknowledge solutions. Your solution of No. 2092 is correct, and acknowledged below.

H LORETTO (Sligo, Ireland).—(1) We do not answer by post. (2) That the problems are good enough. (3) We examine all problems contributed, and express our opinion by acceptance or rejection.

BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—Your problem is very good, and shall be published shortly.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2086 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 2087 from Camillo de Carvalho (Rio de Janeiro). Banarsi Das, and Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 2088 from M. Shaida Ali Khan (Rampore) and M. K. E. (Bombay); of No. 2089 from Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.), Emile Frau (Lyons), and J. Kippax (Philadelphia); of No. 2090 from Marco Salem, Shadforth, Clement C. Danby, Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), Emile Frau, and J. Bailey (Newark); of No. 2091 from T. Roberts, C. E. H. (Clifton), J. Bailey, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), D. B. R. (Oban), Emile Frau, Charles Burnett, E. S. (Holbeach), Edward J. Sharpe, A. G. Bagot (Dublin), and Mrs. E. E. Morris (Barnstaple); of No. 2092 from Frank Shrubsole (Faversham), Dr. Goldsmith, Albert Wolff (Putney), A. G. Bagot, Emile Frau, Eugene Henry, Edward J. Sharpe, C. E. H. (Clifton), T. Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), Clement C. Danby, Marco Salem (Bologna), R. Worters (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), H. S. Brandoth (Sweden), Mrs. Byrnes (Geneva), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. W. (Campsie), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), George Hackett (Acock's Green), and G. Lill (Gringley-on-Hill).

PROBLEM No. 2093.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

In the diagram of this problem a Black Knight should stand at Black's K R 6th.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2092.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

WHITE.

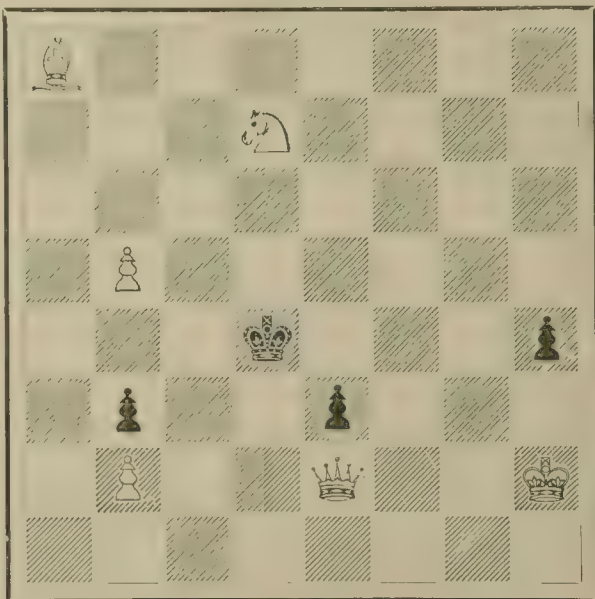
1. Kt to R 3rd
2. R to Kt 2nd (ch)
3. Mates.

BLACK.

- K takes R
- Any move

PROBLEM No. 2095.—By HENRY WHITTEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between Messrs. KALINSKI and DONETSKI.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. Kt takes R P	Q to B 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Q R to B sq	R takes Kt
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	20. B takes R	Q takes B
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	21. R takes Kt	B to Kt 2nd
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	22. R to B 2nd	Q to R 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	23. B to Q 3rd	Castles Q R
7. Castles	P takes P	24. K R to B sq	R to K R sq
8. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd	25. Q to K 4th	P to B 3rd
9. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd	26. P to K R 3rd	B to B 2nd
10. Kt takes P	K Kt to K 2nd	27. Q to Q B 5th	P to Q 3rd
11. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th	28. Q to R 3rd	P to B 4th
A strong move about this point in all such games. It also threatens B to Kt 2nd, R to Q Kt sq, etc.		29. B to K 2nd	K to Kt sq
12. B to Q 3rd	Q to K 3rd	30. B to Kt 4th	P to B 4th
13. Q to Kt 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd	31. Q to Kt 4th	P to Q 4th
14. Kt to B 4th	Kt takes Kt	32. P to Q R 4th	B to B 3rd
15. B takes Kt	P to Q R 3rd	33. P takes P	P takes P
16. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd	34. Q to B 5th	K to Kt 2nd
17. P to K 6th	B P takes P	35. R to Q R sq	B to Kt 3rd
Q P takes P would be met by Q takes Kt P. Now White can safely go on with Kt takes R, threatening 19. B to Kt 6th (ch), R to Q sq; 20. Q R to Q sq.		36. Q to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq
		37. R to R 6th	B takes P (ch)
		38. R takes B	Resigns.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Buffalo between Messrs. F. J. MARSHALL and W. E. NAPIER.

(Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. B to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. P to Q 4th	Q R to Q sq
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	20. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to Q B 3rd
4. Castles	B to B 4th	21. Kt takes P (ch)	Kt takes Kt
5. P to B 3rd	Kt takes P	22. R takes Kt	Kt takes B
6. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	23. R to R 8th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
This move is the key to a sound defence. To retire the Bishop to Kt 3rd would have given him a cramped game.		24. R takes R (ch)	R takes R
7. P takes B	P takes B	25. P takes Kt	K to B 3rd
8. Q to K 2nd	Q to Q 6th	26. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
9. R to K sq	Q takes Q	27. R to Q sq	P takes P
10. R takes Q	B to B 4th	28. Kt to B 2nd	R to Q 3rd
11. Kt to Q R 3rd	Castles (Q R)	29. Kt to Q 4th	K to Kt 5th
12. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	30. Kt to R sq	R to R 3rd
13. Kt to Q 2nd	B to Q 6th	31. R takes R	B takes R
14. K R to K sq	Kt to Q R 4th	32. K to B 2nd	P to Q 4th
15. B to Kt 5th	R to Q 4th	33. K to K 6th	P to Kt 4th
16. P to Q Kt 4th		34. K to K sq	B to B 7th
White very nearly—but not quite—scores a success on the Queen's side.		Black wins. The players are two young American experts, between whom there is much friendly rivalry. Both are fine players. Mr. Napier plays perhaps the soundest game, but is not so well known as is Mr. Marshall.	
17. P takes P	P takes P (e. p.)		
	P to K R 3rd		

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

We have heard a great deal of talk of late days about microbes and bacilli and the like, in connection with the national duty laid upon our shoulders of preventing the spread of tuberculosis among us. One result of the interest which has been thus awakened is seen in the increased attention which is being paid to the history of germ-life at large, and to the many curious details which even a brief study of microbic ways and works is calculated to unearth.

To select one or two examples of the more curious of the traits of germ-life, we may first of all have regard to what naturalists term the presence of *symbiosis* among them. By this term we imply the union of two distinct organisms for purposes of mutual aid. Two species of animals may thus be found constantly associated together, an advantage accruing to each from the friendship thus formed. A certain species of hermit crab, for example, is never found without a certain kind of sea-anemone stuck on the shell in which the crab lives. So that, like Sindbad, with the "Old Man of the Sea" on his back, the crab roams about, carrying his guest wherever he goes. This apparently unsatisfactory obligation on the part of the hermit is duly explained when we find that the crab is protected from the attack of fishes by the presence of his lodger on the shell. Fishes which would gladly devour the crab *per se* will not look at crab plus anemone, and when we hear of the hermit feeding his lodger and literally boarding him as well, we may find in this association an evolution of the habit of *symbiosis*, to which I have referred.

Among germs even, this practice is illustrated. For example, there is a very curious organism, familiar enough to cottagers and others, called "the ginger-beer plant." They use it to make that agreeable, if somewhat explosive compound, and a good deal of the "stone ginger-beer," where the fermentation process takes place in the bottles, is produced by the agency of a limited company in the shape of associated germs. For the so-called plant is found to be composed of two distinct forms of lower plant-life. One of these is a yeast-plant known as the *Saccharomyces pyriformis*, and the other is a microbe, to which the name of *Bacterium vermiciforme* has been allotted. Microscopic inquiry also shows that in addition to these two main species, "the ginger-beer plant" colony contains other microbes, and even the bacterium itself has been described as existing under two distinct forms. Then it grows in the shape of twisted threads covered by a sheath, while within this sheath may be seen separate bacteria.

In its sheathed form, we are told, the microbe is produced when oxygen is exchanged for carbonic acid gas; but when the association with the yeast is formed, the latter absorbs the oxygen, and, as a result of the fermentation it produces, carbonic acid gas is thrown off, so that the sheathed variety of the microbe is developed. Thus the bacterium benefits from the presence of the yeast, while the yeast has its waste products removed by the microbe. When the ginger-beer plant is added to sugar, it of course produces the familiar "pop."

More interesting from an economic point of view is the case of the partnership known to exist between plants belonging to the pea and bean order (*Leguminosæ*) and certain microbes that exist in the soil. As is well known, green plants demand nitrogen as part of their food-supply, and the ordinary method of their obtaining this item is from the compounds of nitrogen contained in the soil. Now, the air around us is composed in greater part—nearly three-fourths—of nitrogen gas. If the plants could obtain the nitrogen part of their menu from the atmosphere, they might be enabled to flourish exceedingly and with less trouble than is involved in the absorption and decomposition of the compounds of the soil. Plants cannot recover the element in question from the air, however, but there are exceptions to this rule.

The discovery was made that leguminous plants, such as peas and the like, appeared to be independent of the soil-nitrogen. Peas with no nitrogen added to the earth in which they were grown had a stunted growth; their only source of nitrogen was that represented by a kind of deposit-receipt on the bank of nutrition in the shape of this element contained in the seed. But other plants of this set did grow well, better far, indeed, than their neighbours, and an examination of these latter showed on their roots the presence of numerous little swellings, or nodules. Investigation of these nodules showed that they were composed of colonies of particular kinds of microbes, or bacilli, belonging to a species called *Bacillus radicola*.

The question then arose as to the relation between these root-bacteria and the nitrogen-gain of the plants. It was known that when the microbes are added to the soil the plants develop root-nodules, and gain nitrogen to an extent which exceeds that contained either in the seed or in the soil itself. The obvious explanation of these facts, therefore, is that the germs which live in the root-nodules are able to fix the free nitrogen of the air, and so to make the atmosphere in this way available as a source of food-supply for the fortunate plants that have struck up this bacillary friendship. It is probable that when the plant bearing these root-nodules dies, the colonies of microbes are set free, and pass into the soil, which is their native environment. Then, resting through the winter, perchance, they awaken into life with the spring-time, and develop new colonies that will offer their services in turn to new generations of peas. Such associations of living beings, having for their end at least the work of aiding growth and vital prosperity, are both singular and interesting. They serve to show us how many-sided a thing life is, and how the principles of co-operation and mutual aid, so fruitful of good in higher existence, have been foreshadowed for ages in things of low estate.

THE MILLENARY OF KING ALFRED: RELICS AND MEMORIALS.



The Jewels and other Relics grouped around the Font are from the Alfred Millenary Exhibition at the British Museum.



MONUMENT ON THE SUPPOSED SITE OF THE FARM WHERE ALFRED LET THE CAKES BURN.



THE MARKET PLACE, WANTAGE, WITH STATUE OF KING ALFRED.



LITTLE DRIFFIELD CHURCH, IN THE CHANCEL OF WHICH KING ALFRED IS BURIED.



ALLER CHURCH, WHERE THE DANISH CHIEFTAINS WERE BAPTISED.

LADIES' PAGE.

There is a singularly abiding fascination about some historical personalities, and foremost among those undying charmers is Mary Queen of Scots. Strange it is, surely, that there are actually two new books just added to the library that already exists about her history. In one of her letters to Queen Elizabeth, Mary appealed to the judgment that posterity would make between them; and verily it seems that posterity is never weary of revising and reviewing that judgment. A barrister of great ability, Mr. Hosack, afterwards a London police magistrate, several years



A FASHIONABLE CAPE IN LIGHT CLOTH, TUCKED.

ago devoted his trained intelligence to a full consideration of the genuineness of the so-called "Casket Letters," that were produced by Mary's rebel Lords, and that they alleged to have been written by her to Bothwell. If those letters were genuine, they settled for ever the questions of Mary's complicity in the murder of her husband, Darnley, and of her willingness to marry his murderer, Bothwell. But Mr. Hosack proved as clearly as the case admits that the letters were coarse and clumsy forgeries; and he seemed to have performed the task once for all. Yet another portly work, in two volumes, upon the same subject is now announced. Then there is just issued Lord E. Hamilton's novel, in which the author has availed himself fully of the fiction-writer's privilege to adapt the history of the unfortunate Queen. It appears that the heroine is represented to have been the secret wife of Darnley, and she is stated to have been called, by his influence, to the Scottish Court, where she "became one of the famous 'Maries,' maids-of-honour to the Queen." The "four Maries" and their well-beloved mistress have a historical and exceedingly interesting personality; it is surely not proper to invent a name and story for one of them. They were in reality four little girls, all of noble family, and all of the same age as the Queen, who were brought up from infancy with her, to serve her as playmates and fellow-students, first in Scotland, then in France. They all returned to Scotland with her; three of them there married Scottish gentlemen, and the fourth remained single and generously and devotedly spent her life in confinement with Mary Queen of Scots in English prisons. Their names as girls were Mary Seton, Mary Beton, Mary Fleming, and Mary Livingstone; the married names of the three who became wives are equally clear; and it was Mary Seton, the sister of the then Lord Seton (ancestor of the present Earl of Eglinton), who remained single and devoted all her life to the captive Queen. Historical purists may ask if it is justifiable to make a "romance" about a "Mary Hamilton," and to state that she was one of the "Queen's four Maries." The answer must depend upon the success with which the theme has been treated.

It is a pity that the National Portrait Gallery does not contain a really good portrait of either Mary Queen of Scots or Queen Elizabeth. It must be owned that the

traditional beauty of the Stuart Queen is not visible in any authentic likeness; but there are some portraits of her that enable us to comprehend, at least, how it was ever possible for the legend to be established that she was beautiful—some that make us feel that the face may have had the effect of beauty when the features depicted were lit up by the intelligence and magnetism of the mind. Do we not all know such young women? Take their features only, and they are almost plain: nose too long, perhaps, mouth too large, outline too narrow or too broad; but the creature herself, alive, with her dazzling smile, her pathetic glance, her fascinating *moue*, is exquisite, a delight to the eye of the observer. Such a favourable portrait of Mary Queen of Scots is in the royal collection of miniatures at Windsor. Such another is on the pillar in the Church of St. André at Antwerp to mark the tomb of two of her faithful ladies-in-waiting, who preferred her image to any personal memorial above their heads. But *not* such are the Trafalgar Square portraits of Mary Queen of Scots.

Sir Joseph Pulley, who has recently died, did a great service to women of the humbler classes while he was in Parliament. He brought in the first Bill by which a poor woman whose husband treated her with systematic cruelty, or failed to provide her and her children with maintenance, could apply to a magistrate for a separation order and allowance. I believe there is no question among lawyers that this Act of Parliament (since enlarged and amended, but on the same lines, by Mr. Justice Byrne while he was in the House of Commons) has been a most precious boon to many unfortunate families.

How very inadequate seems the sentence of four months' imprisonment passed on the London cabman who violently attacked a lady whom he was driving after midnight to her home, dragging her earring out through the lobe of her ear, snatching her bag, and disfiguring her face with blows. He was caught in the very act by a policeman, who approached silently on his rubber-soled shoes. Yet for this disgraceful brigandage the cabman received so slight a punishment! Even more alarming, however, it is to read that he had already been convicted eighteen or twenty times! No wonder ladies are afraid to employ cabs when licenses are issued to convicted ruffians for drivers!

Hats are the swallows of Fashion's seasons. New modes in that direction precede all others. The milliners have a capital display already, of which the leading feature is the extreme flatness of the crowns. What else does that mean than that the hair is to be dressed down at the back of the head again? Many of the millinery models are provided with two pieces of trimming falling down one at either side of the back, so as to come against the knob of the hair. In one case, a cream felt three-cornered shape, trimmed with large white wings in front curved like those on the antique statues of Mercury, and the brim bound with gathered blue velvet, the flaps that hung down at each side to frame the chignon were simply gulls' wings. On many of the hats whole birds of the larger kind—such as gulls and parrots and owls—are used as trimming. Many of the autumn chapeaux rise on the left side of the head to some extent, but much less frequently than they have done in recently past seasons. This is another consequence of the descent of the coiffure. If the coils of hair are not on the crown, whereon to pin the hats, these latter must necessarily sit fairly straight upon the heads. However, as changes in fashion are always gradual, much more so than cynical critics would admit, it follows that many ladies will be faithful for the present to the hair dressed high, and that hats raised at the left side are still being produced. The somewhat unpractical but dainty fashion of combining lace and chiffon with velvet and felt still holds popularity. A very charming model is built of alternate folds of grey cloth and dark blue chiffon; these construct the entire hat in rounds gradually growing smaller and smaller to the centre of the crown, and the effect is so pretty that the trimming is confined to a cluster of purple grapes and a small chou of blue velvet at the left side of the front. Another Marquise shape has the brim draped with white tulle, over which a strip of nice white lace is laid; a cloud of white tulle covered with black and white lace trims round the low crown puffily and prettily. A third model has a shape of alternate rows of black plaited chenille and brown puffed chiffon; the trimming is an iridescent Impeyan pheasant's breast, and lines and knots of the brown chiffon carried across the shape.

Bonnets, I must mention for the satisfaction of the many matrons who much prefer a snug capote to a toque, are really "coming in" again. It has been difficult to discover a smart bonnet for some time past; it is so no longer, and none of the hats I have seen were prettier than a serviceable real bonnet in fawn panne, with trimmings of pink velvet and brown chiffon. The shape was very flat, with a Marie Stuart front. Another in ruby velvet with a great deal of white lace intermixed with three or four black ostrich-tips, and velvet strings in black, was also pretty. The French milliners give up strings for women over thirty-five very reluctantly. My own excellent Paris milliner declares, indeed, that loosely tied strings are always becoming, even to *demoiselles*. Certainly they are so to women who have lost the firmness of youthful outline to the chin. So matrons of discretion and self-knowledge will welcome the renaissance of the capote.

New materials for the season come to us, too, in good time, and it is apparent that fluffy-surfaced or zibelline cloths will be fashionable. These hairy-surfaced materials are always good for the darker and colder periods of the year, as they not only do not readily show the soil of use, or spot with rain or snow, as smooth-faced cloths are so terribly apt to do, but they also look warm, cosy, and

comfortable. These are, however, for real winter wear. In the immediate future cloths are to be worn of the nature of voiles, but more substantial, and to be known as "autumn æoliennes"; and other materials ready for early use are smooth and supple face-cloths known as ladies' broad-cloths and "Amazon" cloth. These do particularly well in black; and the sombre hues, always in favour in autumn, will be more than ever used this year in compliment to the continued royal mourning. Touches of colour will, however, be freely introduced: a lining to a coat so arranged as to show a little—a mere glimpse—a vest, a puff at the lower part of the sleeve, or some such little matters, will introduce the touch of blue or orange or crimson. It must be but a touch, or the contrast becomes vulgar; and remember that the hat, and even the gloves and underskirt, play their part in the costume's scheme of colour. White to relieve black is as fashionable as ever; it is generally becoming, and it is always safe. Canvas in a pure wool makes a good autumn dress; and camel's hair is a fashionable and very ladylike fabric. Mixed tweeds and homespuns are offered in numerous good patterns and tasteful combinations of colour; they have been much improved by the fashionable patronage that both Irish and Scotch hand-woven goods have enjoyed of recent days.

As to mantles and jackets, they are of many kinds, the three-quarter-length coat, however, easily first. Our Illustrations show loose wraps in this length, which would be adapted to theatre wear if made in silk or Roman satin, and equally suitable for everyday purposes in the light cloth in which they are sketched. Both are trimmed with thick guipure lace. Irish crochet would look well if the design were adopted for evening wear. Storm-collars, of course, are passed out of date, and the deep turn-down collar shown in the Illustrations has become usual. A material which could be satisfactorily used to make one of these wraps serve equally well for driving in a carriage by day and theatre wear at night would be a silk and wool mixture of a light kind, such as that known as wool crêpe-de-Chine, lined with glacé silk. Crêpe cloth or æolienne would construct one too; and in a useful shade of brown or grey, lined with fawn or pale blue, these materials would make a very pretty cloak.

It is amusing to see how inevitably the "dead season" correspondence in London papers turns on the shortcomings and excellences of our sex. Even a discussion on the



A WRAP OF CLOTH AND LACE.

relative advantages of flats and houses remained dull till the letters were adroitly led into the channel of discussing whether all the crimes of the jerry-builder of suburban villas, and the stingy, huddled-up space of flats, were not somehow due to the shortcomings of modern housewives. It is perhaps really flattering to us that we present such a perennially interesting topic. But one could wish that "Man" were somewhat less given to generalising from individual cases, and that he could be led to comprehend that there is no great entity "Woman," but that there are amongst us good and bad, wise and silly, unselfish and greedy, noble and mean characters—in short, that, as Mrs. Poyser put it, "God A'mighty made us to match the men." FILOMENA.



SUNLIGHT SOAP

Reduces the hours of labour.

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Increases the hours of ease.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Removes dirt easily without effort.

MAKE MOST OF TIME!
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TO SAVE TIME IS TO LENGTHEN LIFE.

Highest Standard of Purity and Excellence.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Lessens the worries of life

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Adds to the pleasures of home

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Preserves the clothes.



THE JOHNSTON LINER "NORRANMORE," WRECKED IN THE BLACK SEA.

The "Norrnmore," laden with oil, was bound for Bombay from Batoum. Her crew numbered forty, thirty-nine of whom were lost with the vessel.

Chairman: J. NEWTON MAPPIN.

Mappin & Webb

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STERLING SILVER AND "PRINCE'S PLATE" (Regd. 71,552.)



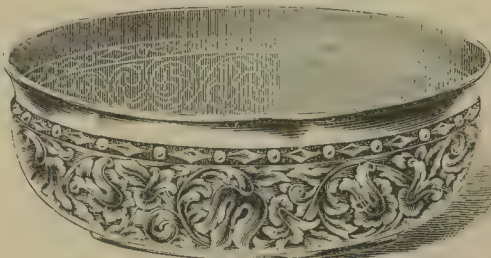
Butter Dish, in Cut Glass, with "Prince's Plate" Tray and Cover, Ebony Knob, £1 5s. Sterling Silver, £4 5s.



Claret Jug, Plain, all Sterling Silver, Antique Style, £10 10s.



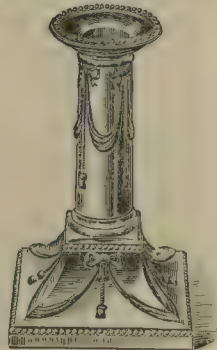
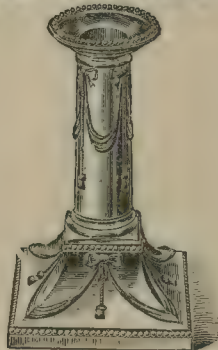
Sterling Silver Salad Servers, with Chased Handles, £3 10s. per pair.



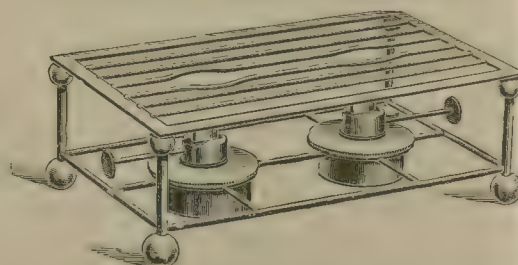
Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, Richly Chased, Interior Richly Gilt, £10.



Cut Glass Whisky Bottle with Sterling Silver Mount, £1 10s.



Piano Candlesticks, Richly Chased in Relief. Sterling Silver, 5½ in. high, £4. "Prince's Plate," 5½ in. high, £2 8s.



"Prince's Plate" Stand, for Coffee Pots, Entrée and Breakfast Dishes, &c. Size 10 by 6 in., with two Lamps, £2 15s.



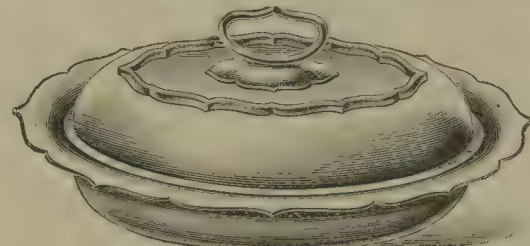
Muffin Dish, in "Prince's Plate," with Hot-water part, £1 15s. Sterling Silver, £3 5s.



Prince's Plate Stand for Stewed Fruit, with Cut Glass Centre, can also be used as Bread Platter with Wooden Centre, complete £3 5s.



(Registered Design, No. 336,563.)
All "Prince's Plate," Double Fruit Stand, with Sugar Basin and Cream Jug, Gilt inside, richly chased, with Servers, complete £6 5s.
The same Stand, without Sugar Basin and Cream Jug, complete with Servers £4 10s.
Individual Dish, with Server £1 12s.



Registered Design.
Oval Entrée Dish, James I. Style, 11½ in. long.
Dish and Cover £3 5s. £12 0s.
Warmer, with Top Plate £3 10s. —

CITY (Facing the Mansion House)—
QUEEN VICTORIA ST., No. 2
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Manufactory and Show-Rooms:
THE ROYAL WORKS, Norfolk St., Sheffield.
MANCHESTER: AIX-LES-BAINS: JOHANNESBURG:
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WEST END—
OXFORD STREET, 158 to 162
LONDON, W.

THE HONEY OF WISDOM.

We Gather the Honey of Wisdom from Thorns, not from Flowers.

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—Milton.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—

LORD LYTTON.

EXPERIENCE.

"Our acts our judgments are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."—OLD SONNET.

For some Wise Cause, 'Experience HAS PROVED! before Perfection and True Balance in ANYTHING can be ATTAINED, There MUST BE MANY SWINGS of THE PENDULUM! To OPPOSITE

EXTREMES.'

WITH YOUR BACK TO THE FIELD AND YOUR FEET TO YOUR FOE! NEVER SAY DIE TO ANY DILEMMA!!!

MORAL—

A Wise Paradise.

Nature's Laws.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well."—MILTON.

"Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his sons, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, more or less, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just*, and *patient*. But also we know, to our



cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse.*

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*, and *I should accept it as an image of human life.*

"The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again.* Nature's pluck means *extermination.*

"Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the *blow without the word.* It is left to you to find out why your ears are bored."—HUXLEY.

We quote the above from Professor Huxley, because we think it fully endorses what we wish to press with great earnestness, in the cause of truth and health, upon the mind of the reader—that obedience to natural laws is health and happiness and long life, while disobedience or ignorance entails disease, and hands it down from one generation to another.

A WAYSIDE CONSULTATION!

A GENTLEMAN writes:—"For **MANY YEARS I was a martyr to sea-sickness**; I always take ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' for a few days on going for a voyage, and know the sickness now only by name, not as a punishment. This should be widely known."

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH condition is simply MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** Without it you have a WORTHLESS Imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.



SILVER-GILT EPERGNE PRESENTED TO KING EDWARD VII. BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

This magnificent table decoration, which the Kaiser presented to King Edward during his recent visit, has been executed to the Emperor's own designs by Professor Rohloff, of the Royal Industrial School of Art at Berlin. The centre-piece, which stands 3ft. high and is 2ft. in diameter, bears the inscription: "Emperor William II. to King Edward VII." The main scheme of decoration on the centre-piece is composed of designs based on the leaves of laurel and acanthus. The great central vase rests upon a wooden pedestal. The balustrades, of bronze-gilt, serve as flower-baskets, and bear on alternate panels the King's monogram. The balustrades are in sections, and can be adapted to any length of table.

£1000 CHALLENGE.

In consequence of the way in which our advertisements have been copied—sometimes **WORD** for **WORD**—and to prove that merit alone will secure public patronage, we offer to give a sum of **£1000** to public charities if the sales of **KOKO** are not greater than those of any other three hair preparations combined which are sold in this country, provided the three firms electing to accept our challenge will pay an equal sum to charities if their combined sales on examination are found to be below ours.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR



SUPPLIED BY SPECIAL ROYAL COMMANDS TO HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

KOKO IS A TONIC, CLEANSING, INVIGORATING PREPARATION, CAUSES THE HAIR TO GROW LUXURIANTLY, KEEPS IT SOFT AND PLIANT, IMPARTS TO IT THE LUSTRE AND FRESHNESS OF YOUTH, POSITIVELY ERADICATES DANDRIF, PREVENTS HAIR FROM FALLING, IS THE MOST CLEANLY OF ALL HAIR PREPARATIONS, IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS, AND CONTAINS NO DYE OR GREASE. THAT KOKO IS STIMULATING TO THE BRAIN CAN EASILY BE PROVED. AFTER SPRINKLING AND BRUSHING THE HEAD WELL, LOOK IN THE GLASS AND OBSERVE THE INTENSE BRILLIANCY OF YOUR EYES.

1/-, 2/6, and 4/6, of all Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, &c., everywhere.

S. SMITH & SON,

WATCHMAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY.

Our only Address is

9, STRAND

(under the Clock), 5 doors from Charing Cross.

PRIZE
MEDAL,PARIS,
1900.**CLOCKS.****CLOCKS.**

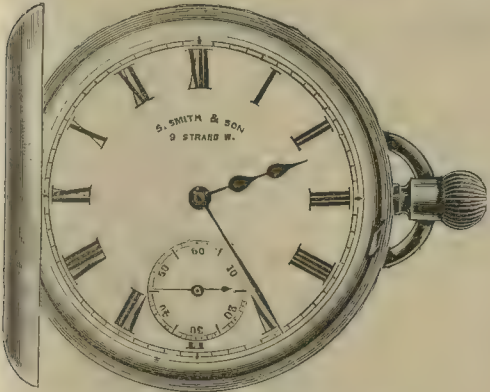
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A Complete
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Striking Grandfather
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ALL OUR WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELLERY
can be had on "The Times"
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system of payment by monthly
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our Book A "Guide to the Purchase
of a Watch" will be sent post free,
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THE "STRAND" HALF-CHRONOMETER

ALL ENGLISH, KEYLESS.

18-ct. Gold Cases, Demi-Hunter or Full Hunter, **£16 16s.**
Open Face, Crystal Glass, **£13 15s.**
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Full Hunter, **£6 6s.** Demi-Hunter, **£6 15s.**

Our Exhibit at the GLASGOW 1901 EXHIBITION is in the
CENTRAL HALL, where we have secured a large space.



They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective
and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.
12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS.
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by
Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK
on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.

WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD.
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MILLIONS OF LOVELY MAIDENS THROUGH- OUT THE WORLD RELY ON CUTICURA SOAP ASSISTED BY CUTICURA OINTMENT

For preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations incidental to golf, riding, and athletics, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the BEST skin and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

"How to Preserve, Purify, and Beautify the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free. CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

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Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.

HAIR DYE

Of all Hair-
dressers, 2/-
or plain sealed
case, post free,
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HINDS, LIMITED, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

It dyes the hair
a beautiful
Blonde, Brown,
or Black, by
merely combing
it through.

**Oakey's "WELLINGTON"
Knife Polish**

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery
and all Steel, Iron, Brass and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters
at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

**OLD FALSE TEETH
BOUGHT.**

Many people have old or disused false teeth. Messrs. R. D. &
J. B. FRASER, Ltd., of Princes Street, Ipswich (established 1855),
buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them, they will reward
you by return of post the utmost value; or, if preferred, they will
make you the best offer, and hold the teeth over for your reply.
The largest and oldest buyers of old false teeth in the world.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES, & SENT FREE & SAFE BY POST. DESIGNS ARE EXACT SIZE. PLEASE WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY, SILVER, & ELECTRO PLATE (4000 Illustrations), POST FREE.

SPECIAL.—The Association of Diamond Merchants, Ltd., 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C., give highest prices for Precious Stones, Secondhand Jewellery, and Old Gold. Anything sent to them receives attention by return of post. An Assortment of Secondhand Goods always in Stock.

New Arrow and Tie Brooch, or Hair Ornament, set with Choice Brilliants, **£87 15s.**

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Trout and fins to nature, Salmon, **All Gold, £1 15s.**

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 22, 1898) of Mr. Alfred Heaver, of Oak Lodge, Tooting, and Holcombe Cottage, Westcott, near Dorking, who died on Aug. 8, was proved on Aug. 31 by George Heaver and Alfred Heaver, the sons, William Joseph Havers, the son-in-law, and Leonard William North Hickley, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £389,883. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Fanny Heaver, £500, such of his household furniture as she may select, and, during her widowhood, an annuity of £1200, or of £500 should she again marry; to L. W. N. Hickley £300; and to his sister Ellen an annuity of £40. Subject to the payment of certain sums for the management thereof, the residue of his property is to be held on trust for twenty years, and during that period one half of the income thereof is to be applied for the development of his estate, and the other half he gives, as to two sevenths each to his sons, and one seventh each to his daughters, Mrs. Lily Havers, Mrs. Patience Mary Havers, and Mrs. Edith Osborn. The ultimate residue he leaves as to two sevenths each to his sons and one seventh each to his three daughters.

The will (dated May 14, 1891), with a codicil (dated July 17, 1896), of Mr. John Shaw Clayton, of Stanfield, Wavertree, Liverpool, was proved on Aug. 23 at the Liverpool District Registry by Mrs. Matilda Clayton, the

widow, and John Henry Clayton, Ronald Percy Clayton, and George Christopher Clayton, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £363,273. The testator gives the income of £50,000 and, during her widowhood, the use of his residence, with the furniture therein, to his wife; £20,000 to his son John Henry; £30,000 each to his sons George Christopher and Ronald Percy; £16,000, upon trust, for his daughter Edith Lucy; and £20,000 each, upon trust, for his other three daughters. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then in equal shares for his children except his daughter Edith Lucy.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1899) of Mr. Alfred Henry Hill, J.P., of Cleveland House, North Shields, chairman of Dennis Hill and Co., Limited, who died on June 15, was proved on Aug. 24 at the Newcastle District Registry by Alfred Ernest Hill, the son, John William Thompson, and William Henry Davy, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £176,258. He bequeaths £1000 to his son on attaining twenty-one; and £250 and his household furniture, and during her widowhood the use and enjoyment of his residence and an annuity of £2000, or of £500 should she again marry, to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated July 13, 1899) of Mr. Charles John Phillips, of 21, Chesham Place, Belgravia, and Balblair, Sutherland, N.B., who died on July 21, was proved on Sept. 2 by Herbert Edward Phillips, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £94,215. The testator gives £10,000, and his leasehold property in George Street and Portman Mews, Portman Square, to his son Charles James; £10,000 each to his daughters Mrs. Georgianna Mary Chinnock, Mrs. Ada Emily Marshall, and Edith Amy Phillips; £7500 to his daughter Mary Evelyn Phillips; £10,000, upon trust, for his grandchildren Greville Hubert Robins Blount and Aileen Maud Blount, children of his deceased daughter Maud; an annuity of £52 to Frances Johnson; and an annuity of £26 to Sarah Woodcock. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Herbert Edward.

The will (dated Jan. 13, 1893), with a codicil (dated Oct. 21, 1898), of Colonel Victor Milward, M.P., of Wellesbourne Hall, Warwick, who died on May 31, was proved on Aug. 20 at the Birmingham District Registry by Mrs. Eliza Milward, the widow, and Henry Tomson Milward, and Frederic Victor Milward, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £71,170. The testator bequeaths £250 each to the Church Missionary Society and to the Vicar of St. George's Church, Redditch, on trust for the augmentation

PRICE'S CANDLES.

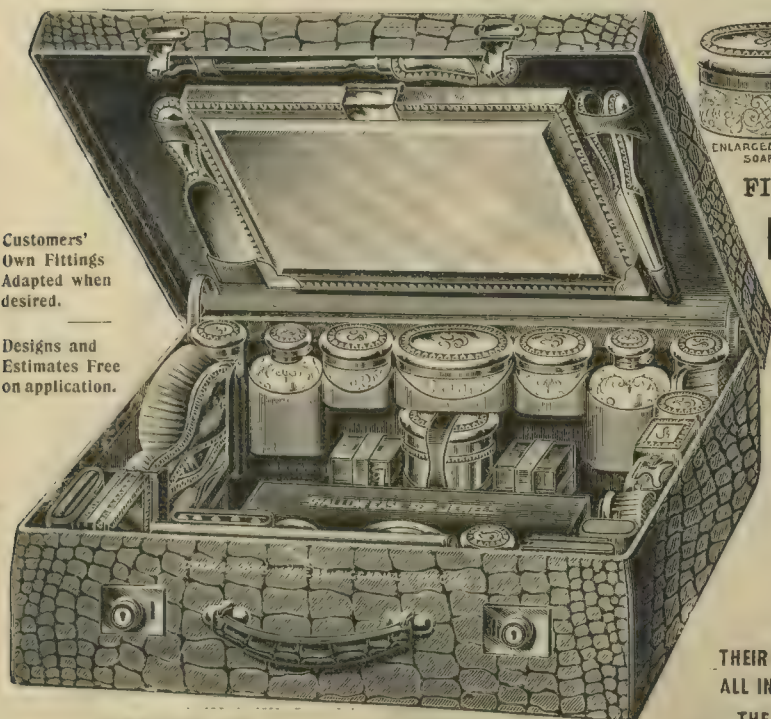
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Keep your eyes open to the fact that.

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What Simple Indigestion Often Leads To.

We are all but too painfully acquainted with the more prominent and immediate symptoms of Indigestion, such as Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Pain and Uneasiness after Food, Flatulence, Headache, and the general Depression and Discomfort that follow the eating of a meal by the Dyspeptic sufferer.

These sufferings are followed by even worse results, for if the food eaten is not fully digested—and it most certainly is not in cases of Dyspepsia—the Blood must suffer from want of Nourishment, with the consequence that the whole System becomes debilitated, and you are afflicted with Lassitude, Loss of Strength and Energy, and a "low," tired-out feeling of Weakness.

How necessary, then, to cure Indigestion in its earlier stages before it assumes a *chronic* form. It is in this direction that the extraordinary qualities of Guy's Tonic so unmistakably manifest themselves. This splendid and unique medicine goes to the root of the whole trouble, gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. The results from its use have been most gratifying. In fact, no sufferer from Indigestion (of however long standing) need remain uncured who will, in thorough earnest, give Guy's Tonic a trial. And you will not have to wait long to experience its benefits.

Guy's Tonic
is an
Unfailing Remedy for
all Forms of
Indigestion, Sluggish
Liver, and
Nervousness, and for
all Conditions of
Ill-Health consequent
upon these
Disorders, such as
Poor Blood,
Biliousness, Loss of
Appetite,
Depression of Spirits,
Decreasing Vitality,
and
General Weakness
and
Debility.

The Rev. Father Ignatius writes from Llanthony Abbey—

"Father Ignatius encloses postal orders for the two bottles of 'Guy's Tonic' sent. Guy's Tonic has been very much blessed by 'God to the Brother for whom it was ordered, and who was suffering from almost entire inability to eat, Flatulence, Waterbrash, and Sickness.'"

Guy's Tonic is a British preparation of purely Vegetable origin. It is employed with excellent results in Hospital practice, and is widely recommended by Medical Men. A Six-Ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d. is on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

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writes as follows—

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Simple in
Construction.
Most Easily
Cleaned.
**GERM
PROOF.**

THIS FILTER IS IN USE IN ALL THE LEADING HOSPITALS.

Price of House Filter H, as Sketch - 42/-
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Drip Filters, from - - - - 8/9

VISIT TO SHOW-ROOM INVITED.

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of the living; £1000 to his wife; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust during the life of his wife, to pay £800 per annum to her; £400 per annum to his son Henry Tomson; £250 per annum each to his sons Robert Cecil, George Herbert, Clement, and Frederic Victor; and £200 per annum each to his daughters. Subject thereto, his property is to be divided into forty parts, and he gives eight parts to his son Henry Tomson, five each to his other four sons, and four each to his three daughters.

The will (dated July 10, 1895) of Mr. John Pablo Bryce, J.P., D.L., of Bystock, Exmouth, Devon, who died on March 3, was proved at the Exeter District Registry on Aug. 12 by Mrs. Mercedes Bryce, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £71,215. The testator gives £1500 and his life and dead stock to his wife; and £400 per annum, charged on his real estate, to his mother. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children.

The will (dated Sept. 17, 1897) of Mrs. Ann Pledger, of Mounthill, Springfield, Essex, who died on April 26,

was proved on Aug. 27 by Joseph Augustus Pledger and Silas Pledger, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £58,255. The testatrix gives £6000 and the Deal Trees Farm, Sandon, to her son Silas; £9000 to her son Adolphus; a piece of land at Springfield to her son Joseph Augustus; an annuity of £52 to her son Leopold; an annuity of £150 to her daughter Mrs. Lydia Eleanor Betts; £3000, upon trust, for her daughter Mrs. Mary Matilda Gibson; £3000, upon trust, for her daughter Elizabeth, and until she shall marry, the use and enjoyment of the Mounthill estate; and £100 each to her executors. The residue of her property she leaves to her sons Silas and Adolphus.

The will (dated April 25, 1891) of Mr. James Cock, J.P., of Kingsland, Shrewsbury, who died on June 19, was proved on Aug. 26 by Alfred Mansell, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £38,977. The testator bequeaths £200 to his wife, Mrs. Adeline Anne Cock, and £50 to his executor. Subject thereto, the whole of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and then for his children. Should Mrs. Cock again marry, she is to receive £4000.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop-Designate of Durham officiated as Anglican chaplain at Beatenberg during August, and the preface to his latest book, "Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year," is dated from that beautiful Swiss resort. It is expected that Dr. Moule's consecration will take place in York Minster on St. Luke's Day, and that the Archbishop of York will officiate.

Writing in his diocesan magazine, the Archbishop of York expresses thankfulness for the appointment of Dr. Moule to the see of Durham, and gives him a hearty welcome to the province of York. The Archbishop recalls the fact that at the latest consecration held in the metropolitan church—that of the Bishop of Liverpool—Dr. Moule was the preacher.

Bishop Randall Davidson returns from Scotland next week in order to take part in the Alfred celebration at Winchester. Invitations to the unveiling ceremony are to be sent, I understand, to subscribers only, and there is still a large deficit on the sum required for Mr. Thornycroft's statue. Interest in the proceedings has been

NOTICE.

The Scarcity of Choice Tobaccos.

J. J. CARRERAS regrets to inform the public that in consequence of the scarcity of the choice and rare Tobaccos used by him in his Celebrated Mixtures, and the large and constantly increasing demand for the same, the prices of the leaf have been considerably raised by the Growers, and, therefore, in order to keep up the high quality, he is obliged to increase his prices 1/- per lb. on each of his Mixtures (CRAVEN, ILANKEY'S, GUARDS, SIL PHILLIPS', MUGGE'S, CLARENCE), on and after this date.

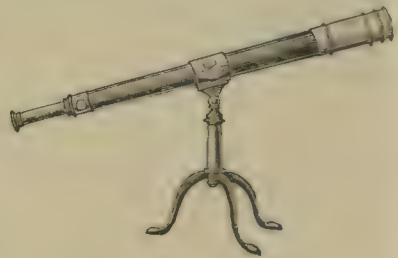
MR. CARRERAS is in communication with the Growers, and is informed that the Plantations have been considerably enlarged, and, therefore, the prices will probably be reduced at a later period. He takes this opportunity to apologise to any of his Customers who may recently have been unable to obtain his Tobaccos.

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LONDON, W.

Sept. 14, 1901.

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SALLOW SKIN.

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PILLS**

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They Touch the LIVER.

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MACK

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WEIGHT and HEALTH.

WHAT

DO

YOU

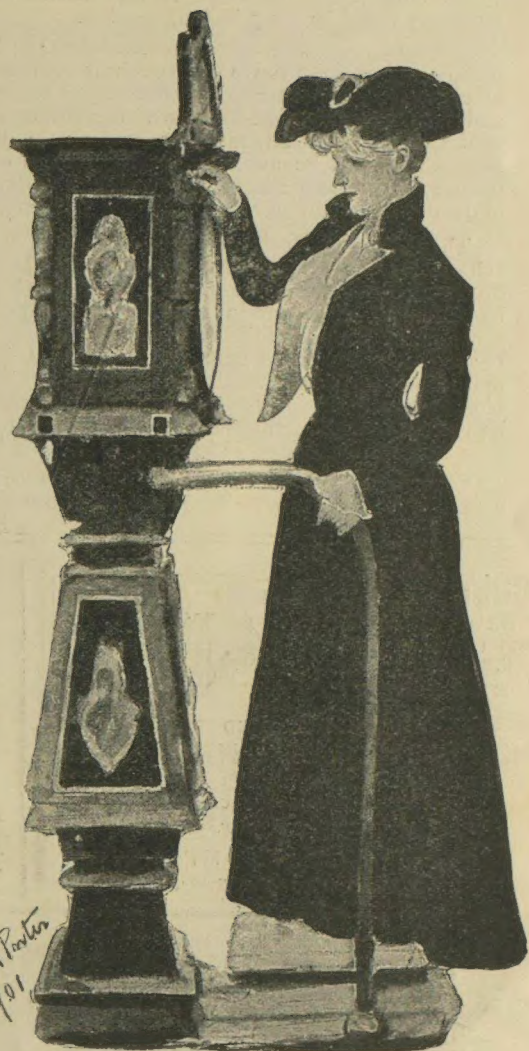
WEIGH?

Directly you were born the nurse put you on the scales, and this practice of being weighed you have kept up during life. For you and all of us have learnt to connect the two ideas of **Weight** and **Health**, with the result that you know to-day your own weight just as you know your own age. And how sensitive you are on the subject of your weight; quite as sensitive as you are about your Health!

Now nothing is more certain than that **Indigestion**, and its chronic form **Dyspepsia**, will pull you down more surely than anything. **Indigestion** must pull you down, perhaps not to-day, and not to-morrow, but it will pull you down in the long run.

And it may pull you down at a time when you may least afford to lose your strength. And what is this Indigestion, you may ask, and how can I tell whether my digestion is wrong? We give you some of the first symptoms of Indigestion at the foot of this page, and it is well to watch these first symptoms, because Indigestion will sap your vitality. What is to-day but a trifling pain in the chest after meals, may represent *one day* ounces and pounds off your weight, and months and years off your life.

Check your weight to-day, and if on the wrong side, **test what a change** will be made in **your appearance and condition** by using



Average Weight of a Man.				Average Weight of a Woman.			
Measuring.				Measuring.			
ft.	in.	st.	lbs.	ft.	in.	st.	lbs.
5	2	...	9 0	4	10	...	7 0
5	3	...	9 7	4	11	...	7 4
5	4	...	9 13	5	0	...	7 7
5	5	...	10 2	5	1	...	7 12
5	6	...	10 5	5	2	...	8 2
5	7	...	10 8	5	3	...	8 9
5	8	...	11 1	5	4	...	9 2
5	9	...	11 8	5	5	...	9 9
5	10	...	12 1	5	6	...	9 13
5	11	...	12 6	5	7	...	10 8
6	0	...	12 10	5	8	...	11 4

Lactopeptine.

If you suffer from **Indigestion** and **Dyspepsia** you have probably abandoned yourself to the sparest diet, and surrendered yourself to a dyspeptic melancholia. But it is really absurd nowadays to let **Indigestion** terrorise you and shut you out from the good things of the table. You have as good a right to these good things as anyone, and there is no reason why you should not eat of them and derive pleasure and good from such food; and when the old trouble comes along, instead of surrendering to it, fight it, fight it with LACTOPEPTINE. LACTOPEPTINE must assist you by the very nature of its composition. Positively you will not be disappointed with the results!

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Mr. HARRY DE WINDT, F.R.G.S., the well-known Explorer and Author, writes:—

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At all the Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom, at the Principal English Pharmacies in Continental Cities, throughout the Colonies, India, China, Japan, South America, and Mexico, Lactopeptine is obtainable in 1-oz. bottles in Powder or Tablets, price 4s. 6d., also in ½-oz. bottles, price 2s. 9d. When ordering do not ask for digestion tablets, but Lactopeptine Powder or Tablets.

Tablets are stamped thus 

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**'Twixt
Plate ..
and Lip;**

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**THE COMMON SENSE OF
EATING.**

A Health Handbook for every day,
With special advice as to Diet and
Regimen in Health and Sickness,
A Popular Summary of the Symptoms
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And a Note on the Scientific and Rational
Treatment of those Affections.

12TH EDITION.

** This little book may be recommended to the general reader as a sound and safe guide to the common-sense management of the stomach, and will be sent post free to any reader of this paper who may be interested.

wonderfully quickened since it was known that Lord Rosebery would be the principal speaker.

Bishop Ridley, who arrived in London in the last week of August, has promised to take the chair at the missionary luncheon to be held at Brighton in Church Congress week, and to speak on Foreign Missions. The Bishop is in good health, though naturally much grieved by the disaster at Metlakatla, and he hopes to lay the claims of his far distant diocese before English Churchmen with a fullness of detail which shall ensure their practical sympathy.

The Bishop of Rochester is still pushing forward his scheme for the division of the diocese, and is in no way discouraged because the Bishopric of Southwark Bill has failed for this year in Parliament. He proposes to summon the Council of the scheme to meet soon after the recess. It may not be generally known that the Bishop maintains the most brotherly relations with leading Nonconformist ministers in the diocese. Not long ago he visited Christchurch, Westminster Bridge Road, and took tea with Mr. Meyer in his study.

Canon Body has been addressing immense open-air congregations on recent Sundays. At Waterhouses, on

the eleventh Sunday after Trinity, he gave a stirring sermon to about 3000 people, many of whom were occupants of vans at the local show. A correspondent of the *Record* recalls the fact that in his early clerical days, Canon Body came a good deal in contact with Mr. Pearsall Smith, and was a regular attendant and a speaker at the early conferences for the deepening of the spiritual life held at Broadlands. He was also a friend of Pastor Theodore Monod. Canon Body, as a preacher, is "all English," and represents the most robust and manly school of modern High Churchmen.

Dr. Forsyth, the new Principal of Hackney College, has returned from Switzerland, and will take up his duties at the opening of the Session. A very large gathering of London ministers and other friends is expected to welcome him to his new position. Dr. Forsyth preaches at the City Temple on Sunday, Sept. 22.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer has returned from his visit to Syria, and speaks enthusiastically of the work done by American and English missionaries at Beyrout. That town is now one of the most flourishing ports in the near East, and has no fewer than four Arabic newspapers.

Mr. Meyer was also much impressed by the efforts of Christian teachers among the Moslems of Cairo. "Once a Moslem, always a Moslem," is, as Mr. Meredith Townsend tells us, the invariable rule in the East; but Mr. Meyer says that there are not a few instances, both in Syria and Egypt, of genuine conversions from Islam.

Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, Mass., whose sermons in leading Nonconformist churches have attracted very large congregations this summer, has arranged to sail for Boston on Sept. 14. His church at home is close to Harvard University, and his regular congregation includes many students and several well-known professors.

An illuminated address, signed by more than three hundred inhabitants of Grahamstown, South Africa, has been received by Bishop Webb, Dean of Salisbury. Part of the address is as follows: "We, the undersigned citizens of Grahamstown, desire to express to you our profound pleasure at your appointment to the Deanery of Salisbury. It is, we are sure, a well-deserved recognition on the part of the Crown of your long and devoted and varied services to the cause of Christ in this land. And we rejoice that a sphere of work so dignified as the care of an English Cathedral has been accorded to you." V.

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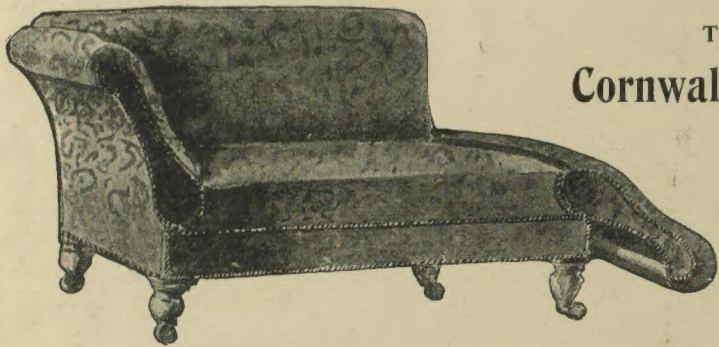
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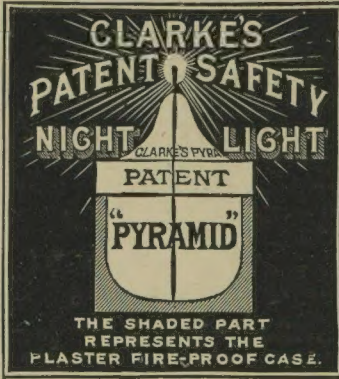
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